ALL WESTERN WINNERS

APRIL
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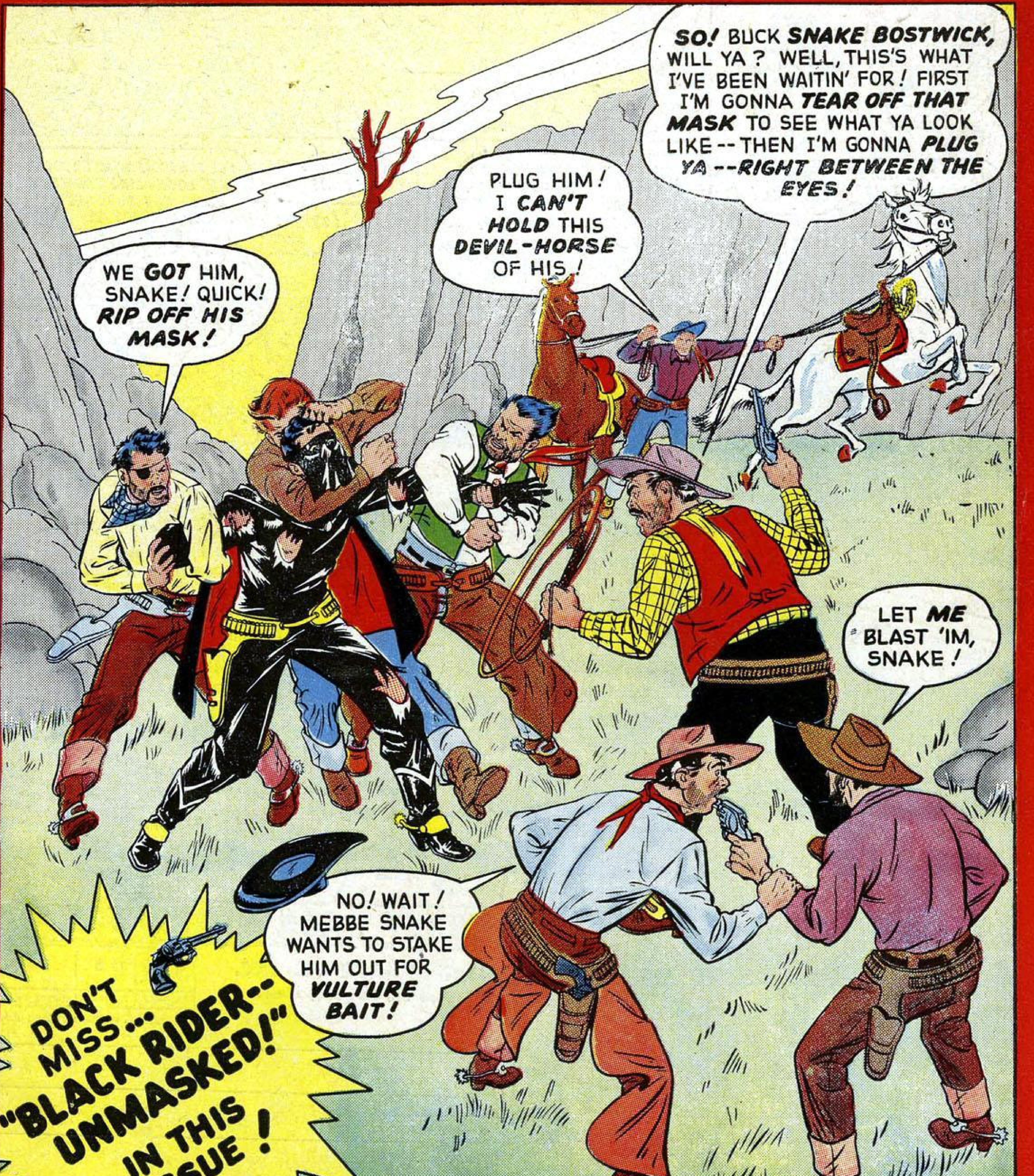
MARVEL COMIC

WESTERN · ACTION

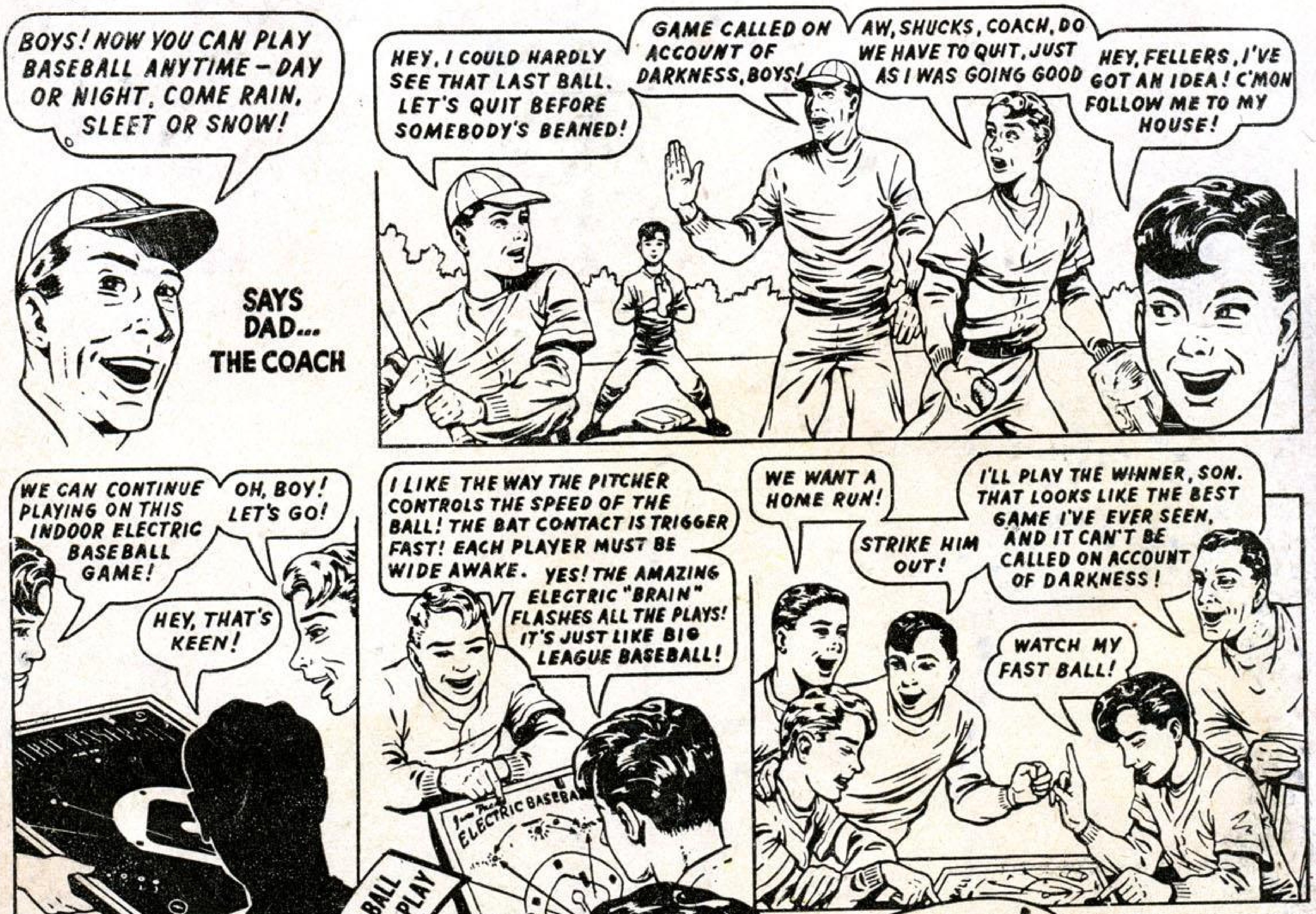

WE **GOT** HIM, SNAKE! QUICK! ***RIP OFF HIS MASK!***
PLUG HIM! I **CAN'T HOLD** THIS **DEVIL-HORSE** OF HIS!
SO! BUCK ***SNAKE BOSTWICK,*** WILL YA? WELL, THIS'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR! FIRST I'M GONNA ***TEAR OFF THAT MASK*** TO SEE WHAT YA LOOK LIKE -- THEN I'M GONNA ***PLUG*** YA --***RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!***
LET **ME** BLAST 'IM, SNAKE!
NO! WAIT! MEBBE SNAKE WANTS TO STAKE HIM OUT FOR ***VULTURE BAIT!***

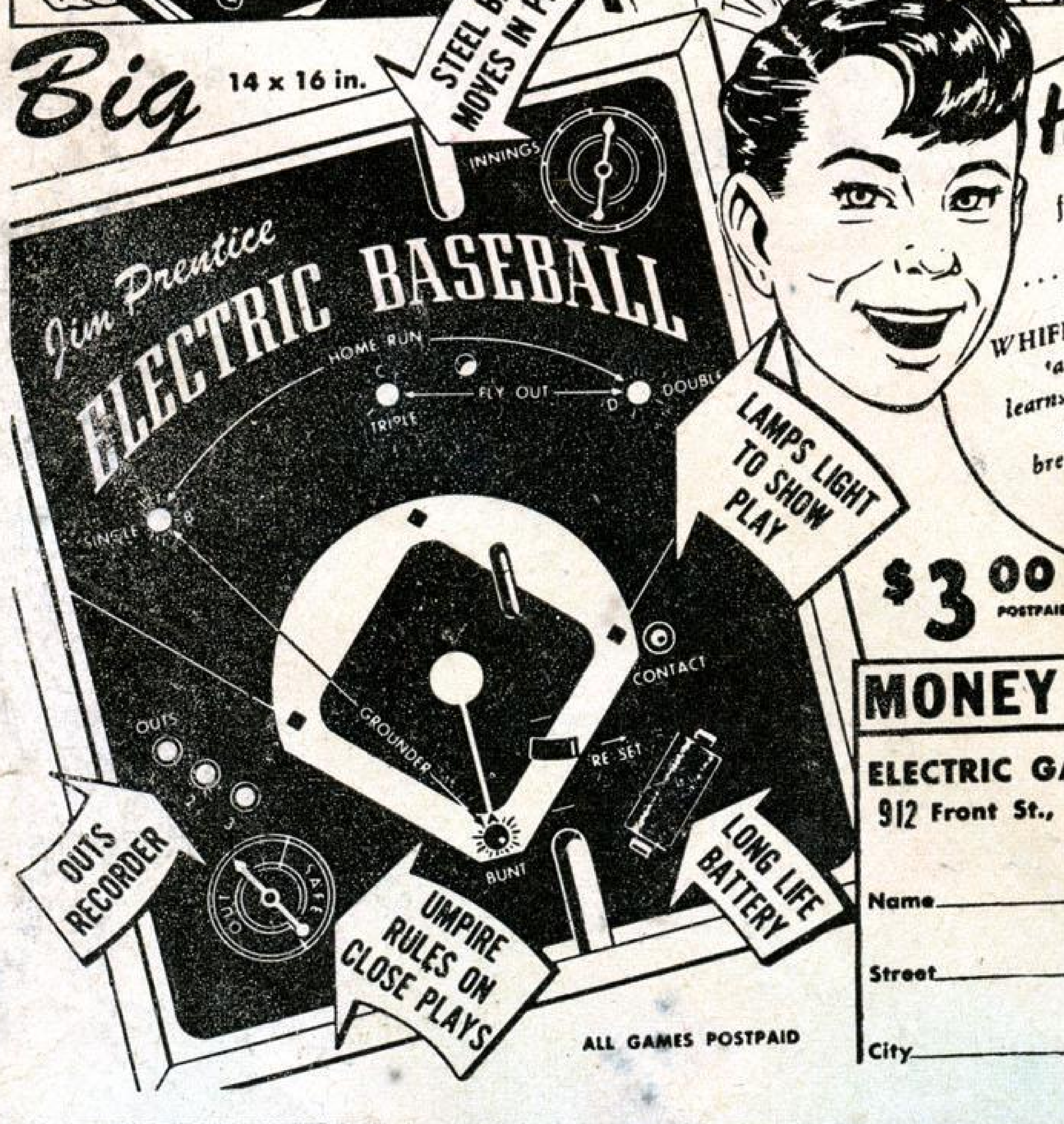
DON'T MISS... "BLACK RIDER--UNMASKED!" IN THIS ISSUE!

NEW! *Jim Prentice* SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949

IT'S A HIT! ELECTRIC BASEBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 912 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.


BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME – DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!
SAYS DAD... THE COACH
HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEANED!
GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!
AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD
HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!
WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!
OH, BOY! LET'S GO!
HEY, THAT'S KEEN!
I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE.
YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!
Jim Prentice ELECTRIC BASEBALL
WE WANT A HOME RUN!
STRIKE HIM OUT!
I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!
WATCH MY FAST BALL!


Big 14 x 16 in.
STEEL BALL MOVES IN PLAY
INNINGS
Jim Prentice ELECTRIC BASEBALL
HOME RUN
TRIPLE
FLY OUT
DOUBLE
SINGLE
GROUNDER
CONTACT
RE-SET
BUNT
OUTS
SAFE
OUT
LAMPS LIGHT TO SHOW PLAY
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ALL GAMES POSTPAID

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Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M.D., Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau;
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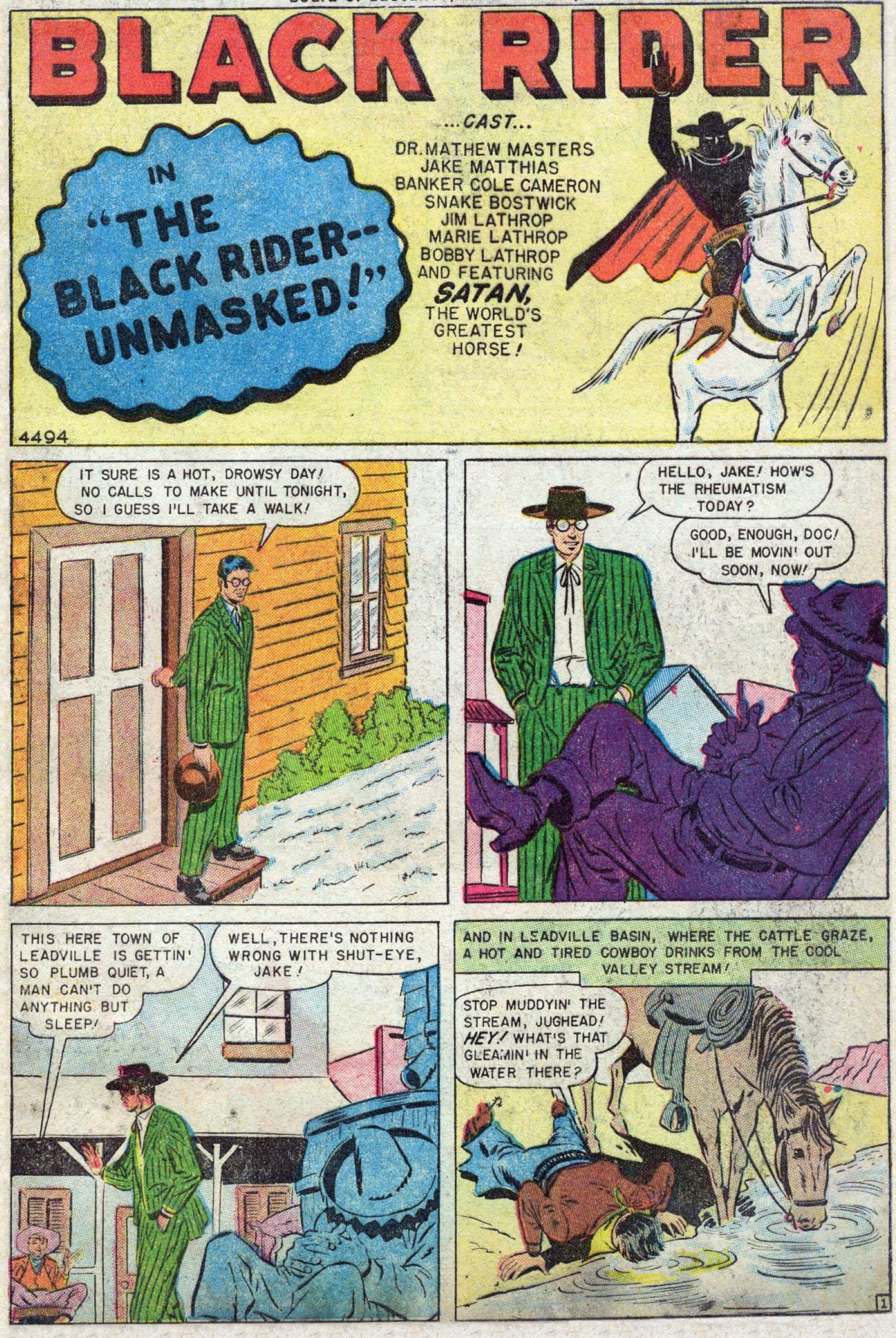
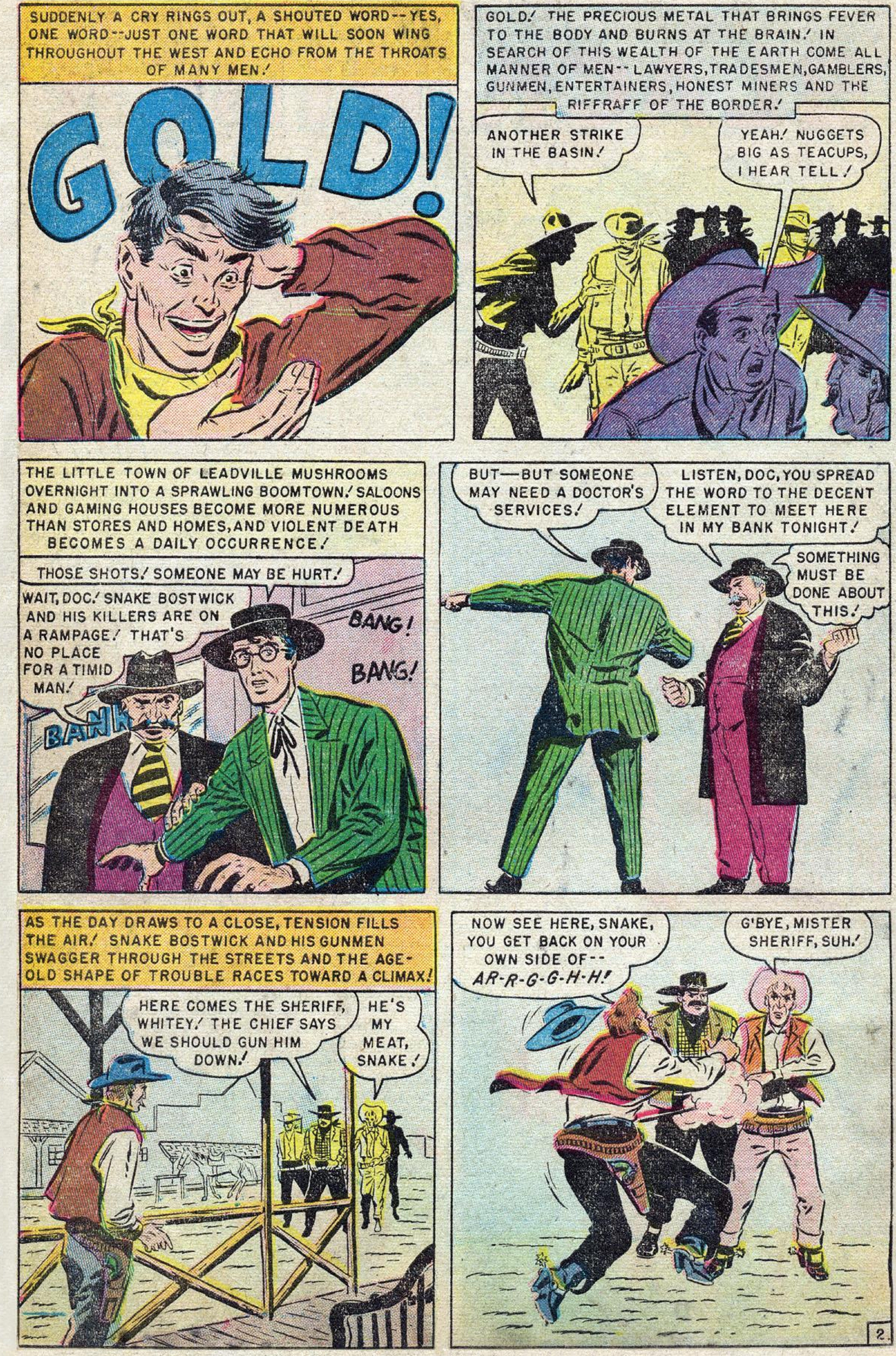
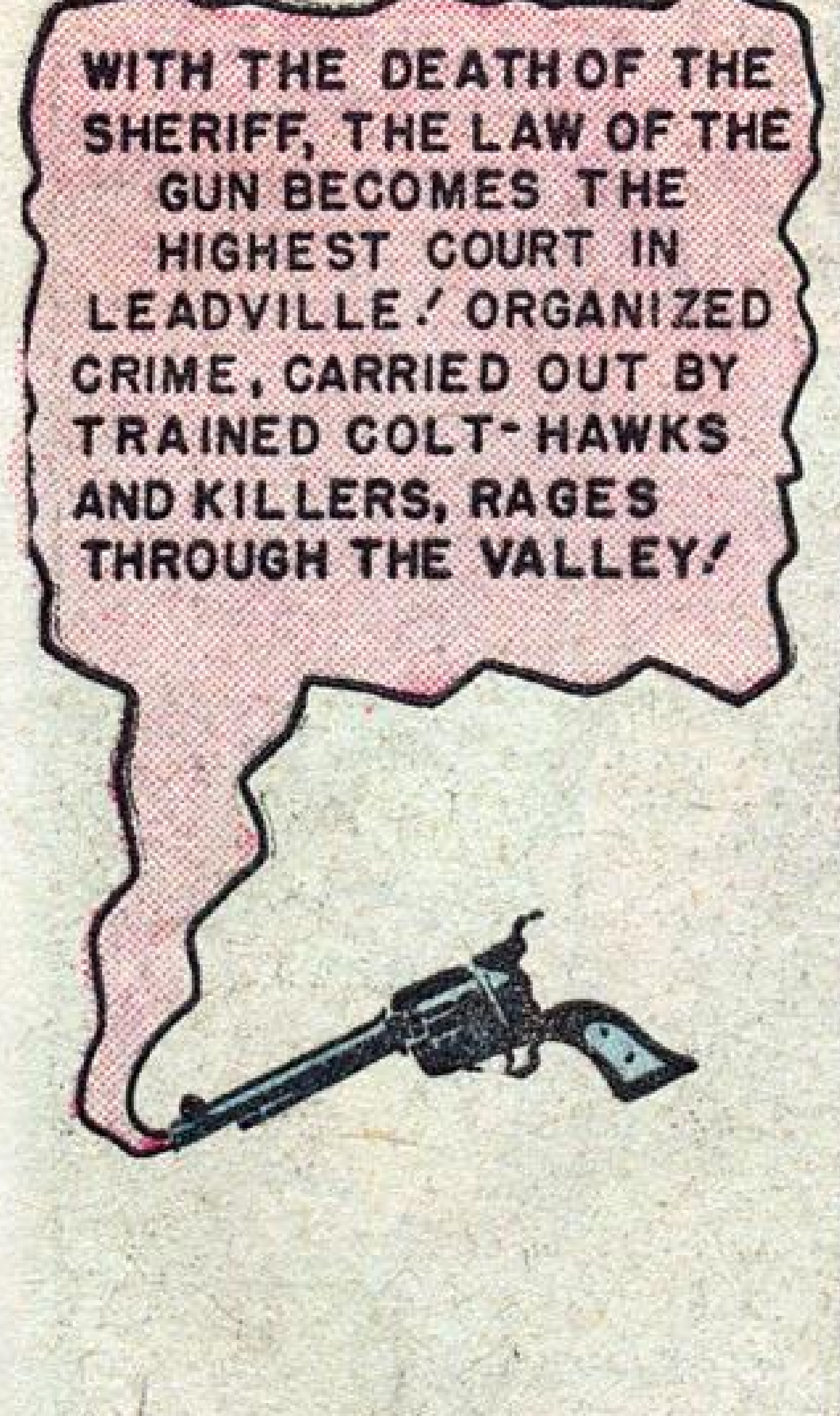
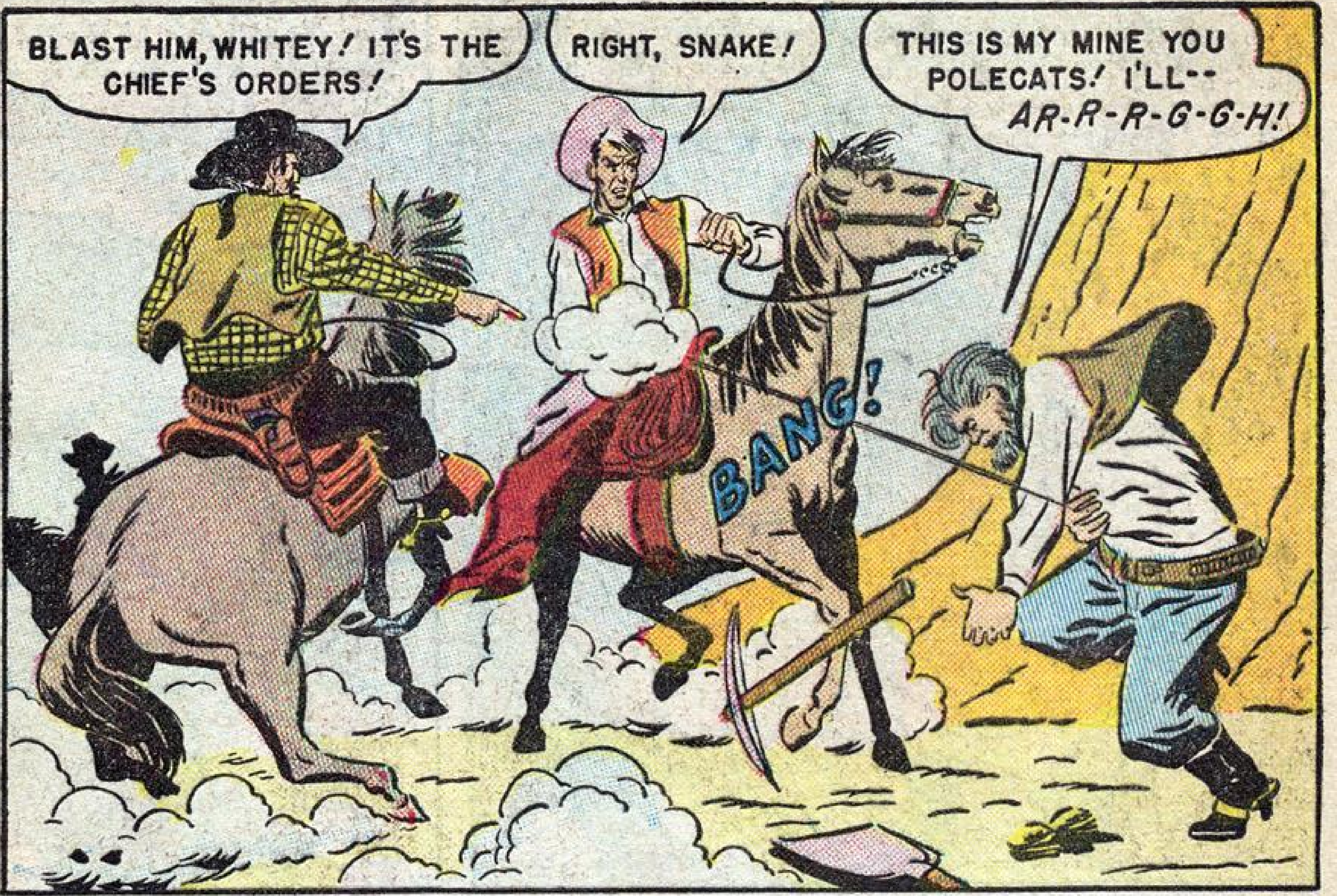
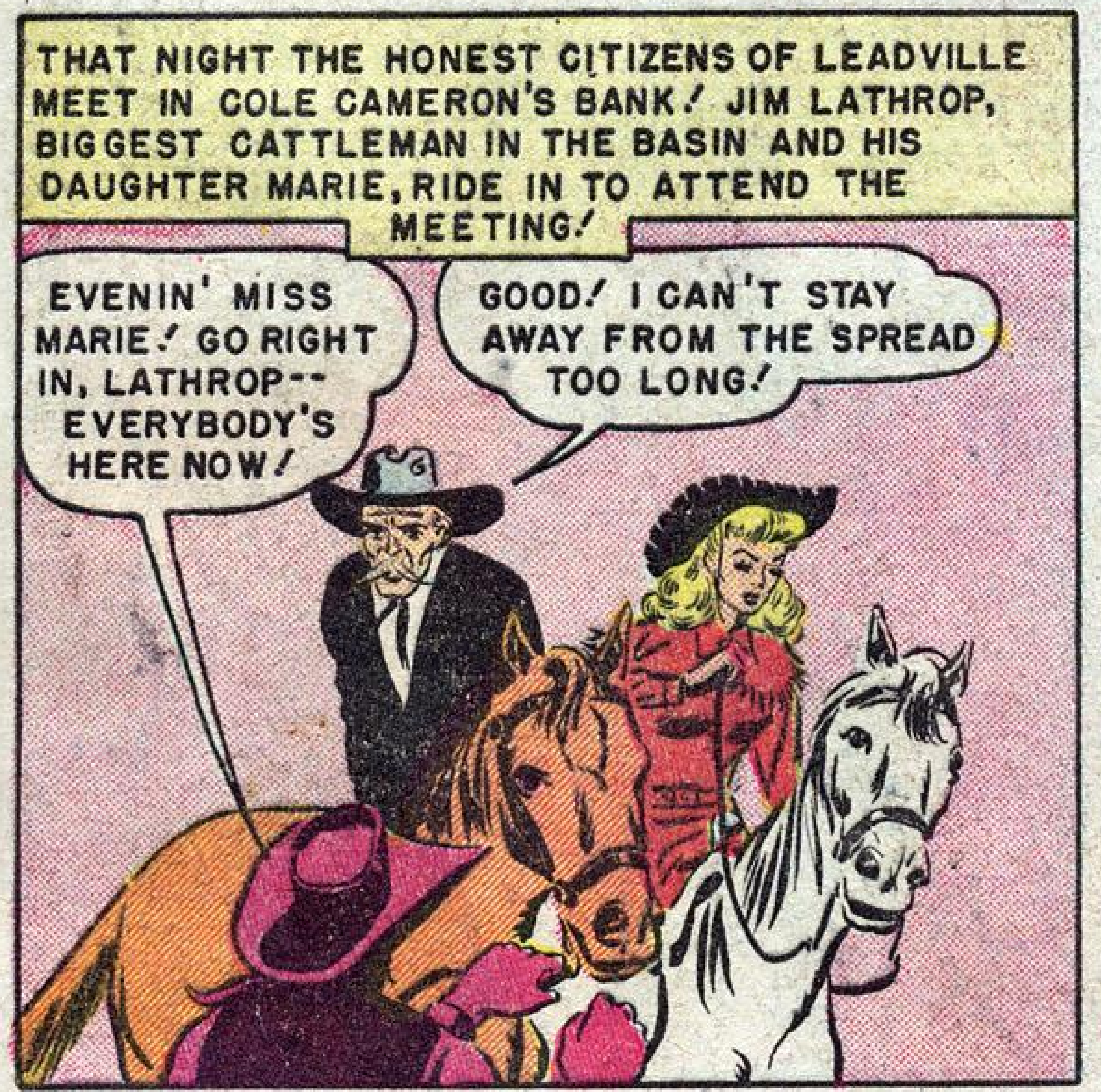
ALL WIN #4

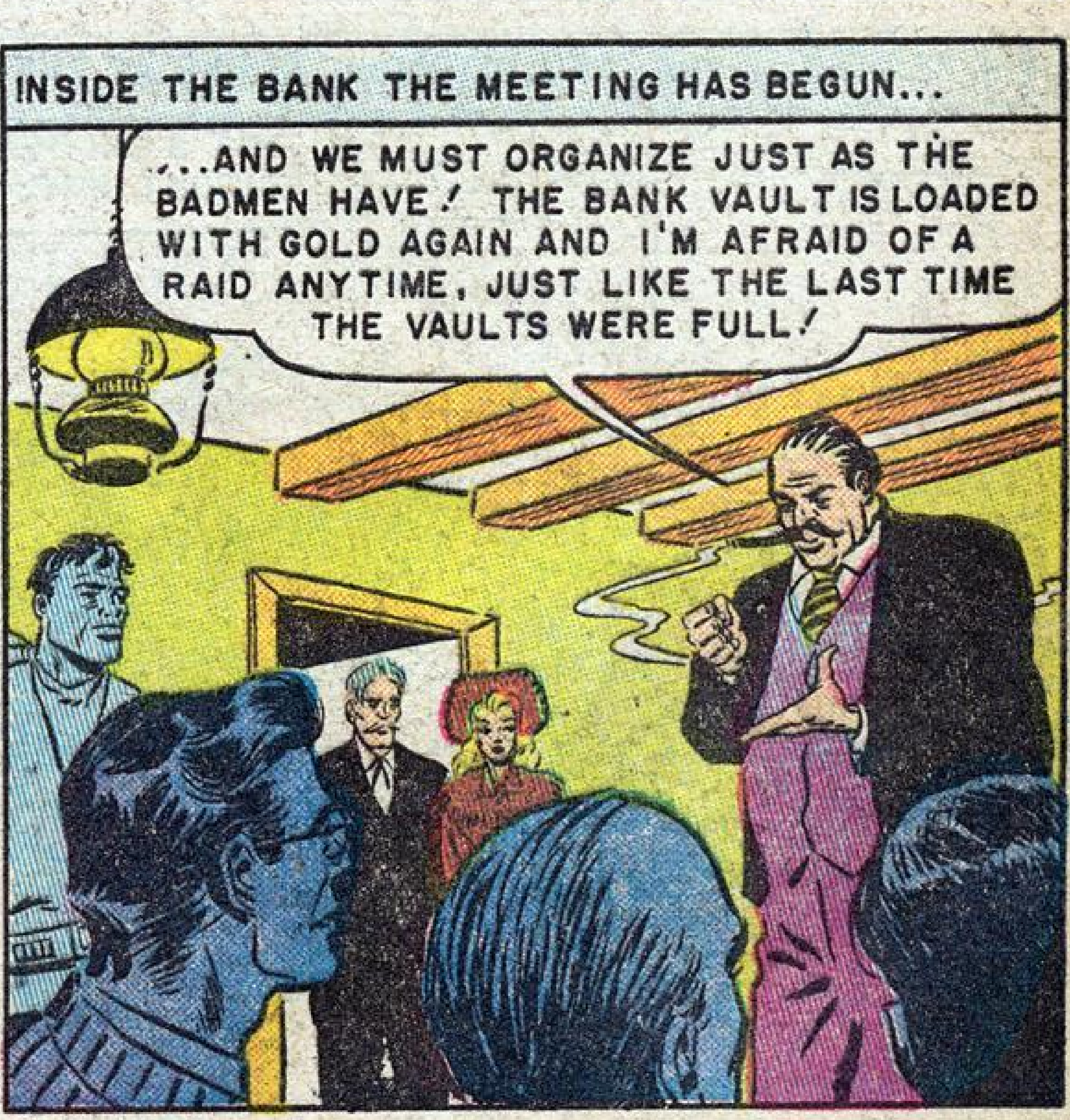

BLACK RIDER
IN "THE BLACK RIDER-- UNMASKED!"
...CAST...
DR. MATHEW MASTERS
JAKE MATTHIAS
BANKER COLE CAMERON
SNAKE BOSTWICK
JIM LATHROP
MARIE LATHROP
BOBBY LATHROP
AND FEATURING
SATAN,
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HORSE!
4494
IT SURE IS A HOT, DROWSY DAY! NO CALLS TO MAKE UNTIL TONIGHT, SO I GUESS I'LL TAKE A WALK!
HELLO, JAKE! HOW'S THE RHEUMATISM TODAY?
GOOD, ENOUGH, DOC! I'LL BE MOVIN' OUT SOON, NOW!
THIS HERE TOWN OF LEADVILLE IS GETTIN' SO PLUMB QUIET, A MAN CAN'T DO ANYTHING BUT SLEEP!
WELL, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH SHUT-EYE, JAKE!
AND IN LEADVILLE BASIN, WHERE THE CATTLE GRAZE, A HOT AND TIRED COWBOY DRINKS FROM THE COOL VALLEY STREAM!
STOP MUDDYIN' THE STREAM, JUGHEAD! HEY! WHAT'S THAT GLEAMIN' IN THE WATER THERE?
1

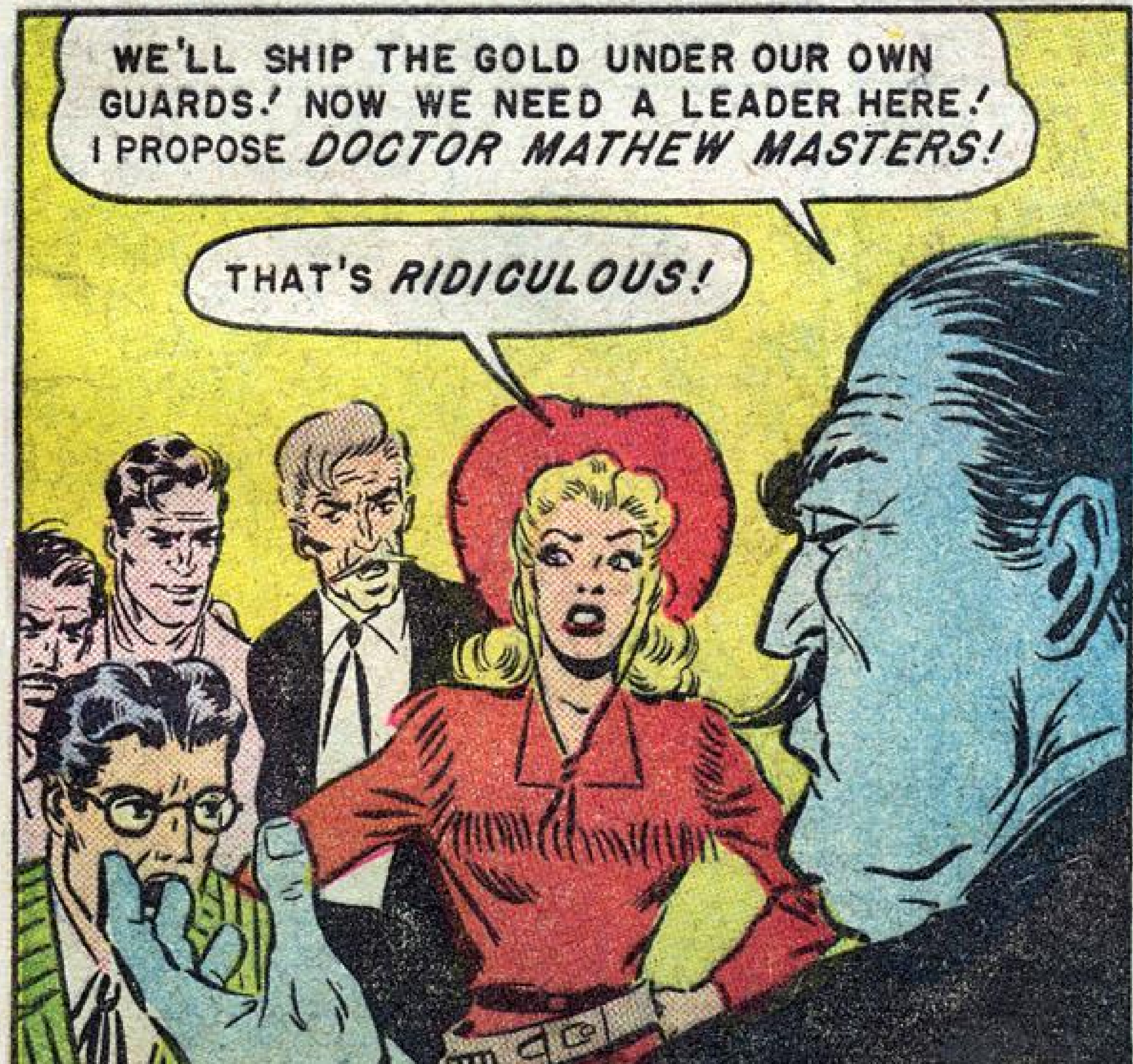

SUDDENLY A CRY RINGS OUT, A SHOUTED WORD--YES, ONE WORD--JUST ONE WORD THAT WILL SOON WING THROUGHOUT THE WEST AND ECHO FROM THE THROATS OF MANY MEN!
GOLD!
GOLD! THE PRECIOUS METAL THAT BRINGS FEVER TO THE BODY AND BURNS AT THE BRAIN! IN SEARCH OF THIS WEALTH OF THE EARTH COME ALL MANNER OF MEN--LAWYERS, TRADESMEN, GAMBLERS, GUNMEN, ENTERTAINERS, HONEST MINERS AND THE RIFFRAFF OF THE BORDER!
ANOTHER STRIKE IN THE BASIN!
YEAH! NUGGETS BIG AS TEACUPS, I HEAR TELL!
THE LITTLE TOWN OF LEADVILLE MUSHROOMS OVERNIGHT INTO A SPRAWLING BOOMTOWN! SALOONS AND GAMING HOUSES BECOME MORE NUMEROUS THAN STORES AND HOMES, AND VIOLENT DEATH BECOMES A DAILY OCCURRENCE!
THOSE SHOTS! SOMEONE MAY BE HURT!
WAIT, DOC! SNAKE BOSTWICK AND HIS KILLERS ARE ON A RAMPAGE! THAT'S NO PLACE FOR A TIMID MAN!
BANG!
BANG!
BANK
BUT—BUT SOMEONE MAY NEED A DOCTOR'S SERVICES!
LISTEN, DOC, YOU SPREAD THE WORD TO THE DECENT ELEMENT TO MEET HERE IN MY BANK TONIGHT!
SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT THIS!
AS THE DAY DRAWS TO A CLOSE, TENSION FILLS THE AIR! SNAKE BOSTWICK AND HIS GUNMEN SWAGGER THROUGH THE STREETS AND THE AGE-OLD SHAPE OF TROUBLE RACES TOWARD A CLIMAX!
HERE COMES THE SHERIFF, WHITEY! THE CHIEF SAYS WE SHOULD GUN HIM DOWN!
HE'S MY MEAT, SNAKE!
NOW SEE HERE, SNAKE, YOU GET BACK ON YOUR OWN SIDE OF-- AR-R-G-G-H-H!
G'BYE, MISTER SHERIFF, SUH!

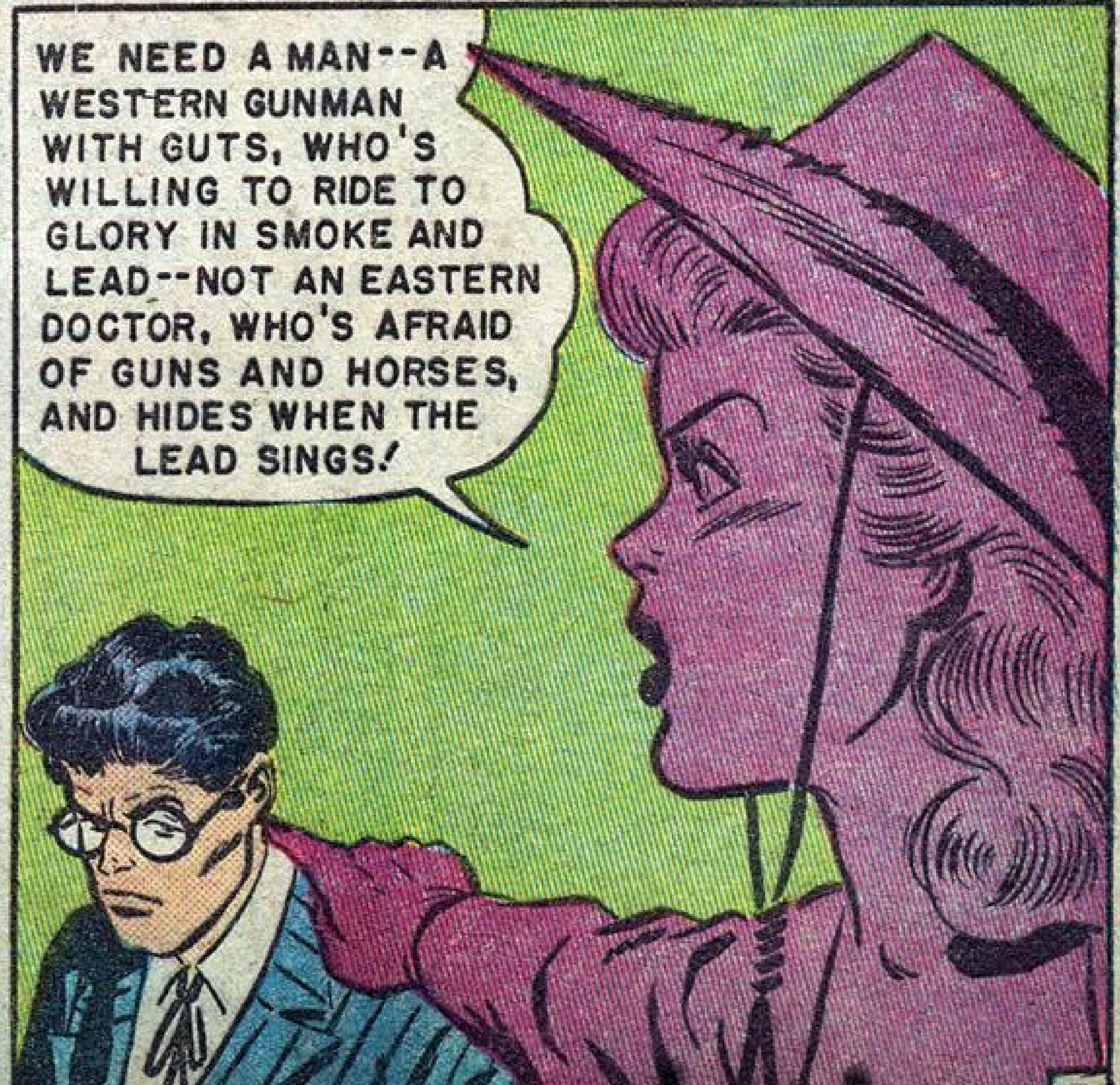

WITH THE DEATH OF THE SHERIFF, THE LAW OF THE GUN BECOMES THE HIGHEST COURT IN LEADVILLE! ORGANIZED CRIME, CARRIED OUT BY TRAINED COLT-HAWKS AND KILLERS, RAGES THROUGH THE VALLEY!

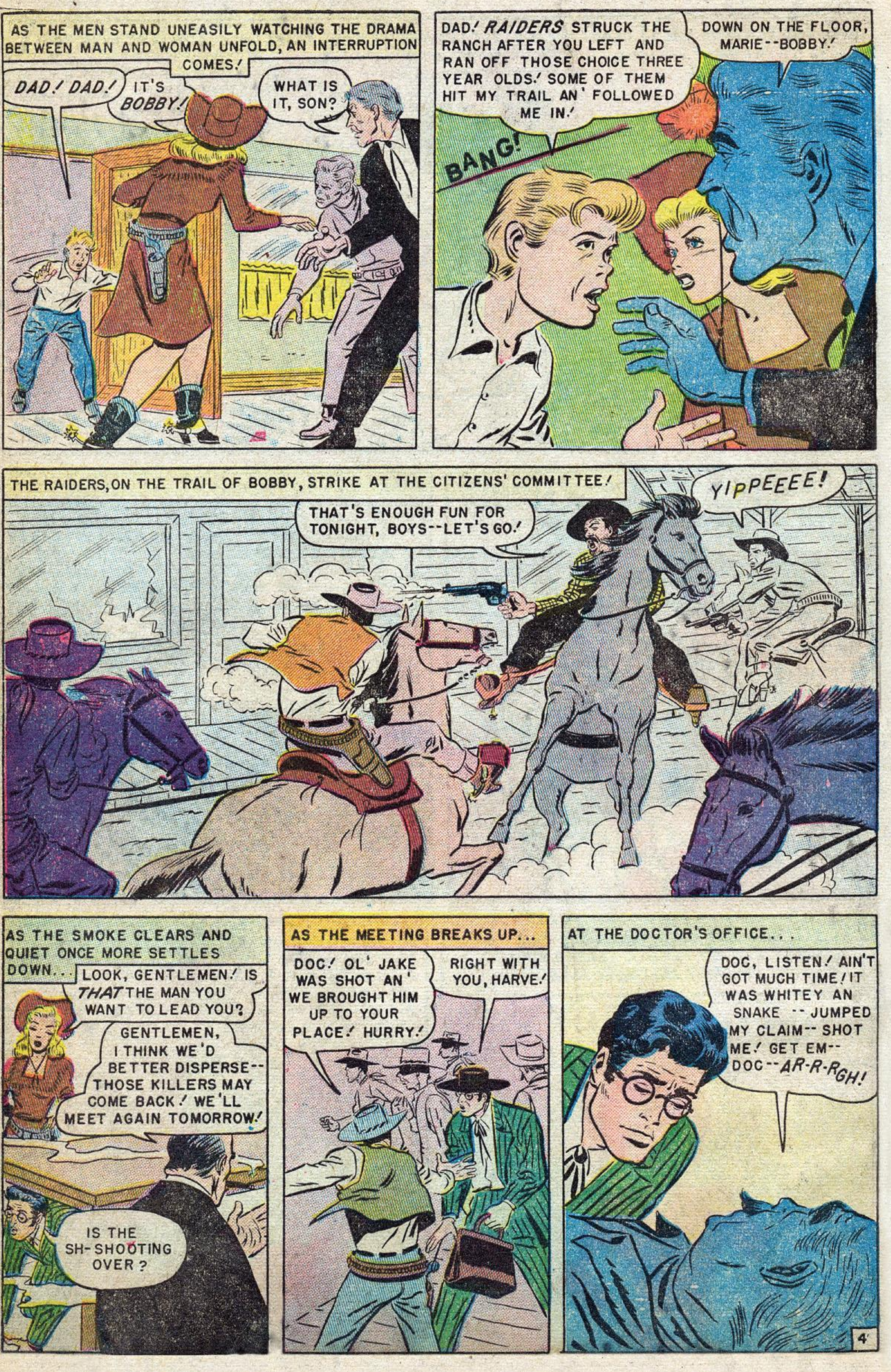

BLAST HIM, WHITEY! IT'S THE CHIEF'S ORDERS!
RIGHT, SNAKE!
THIS IS MY MINE YOU POLECATS! I'LL-- AR-R-R-G-G-H!
BANG!

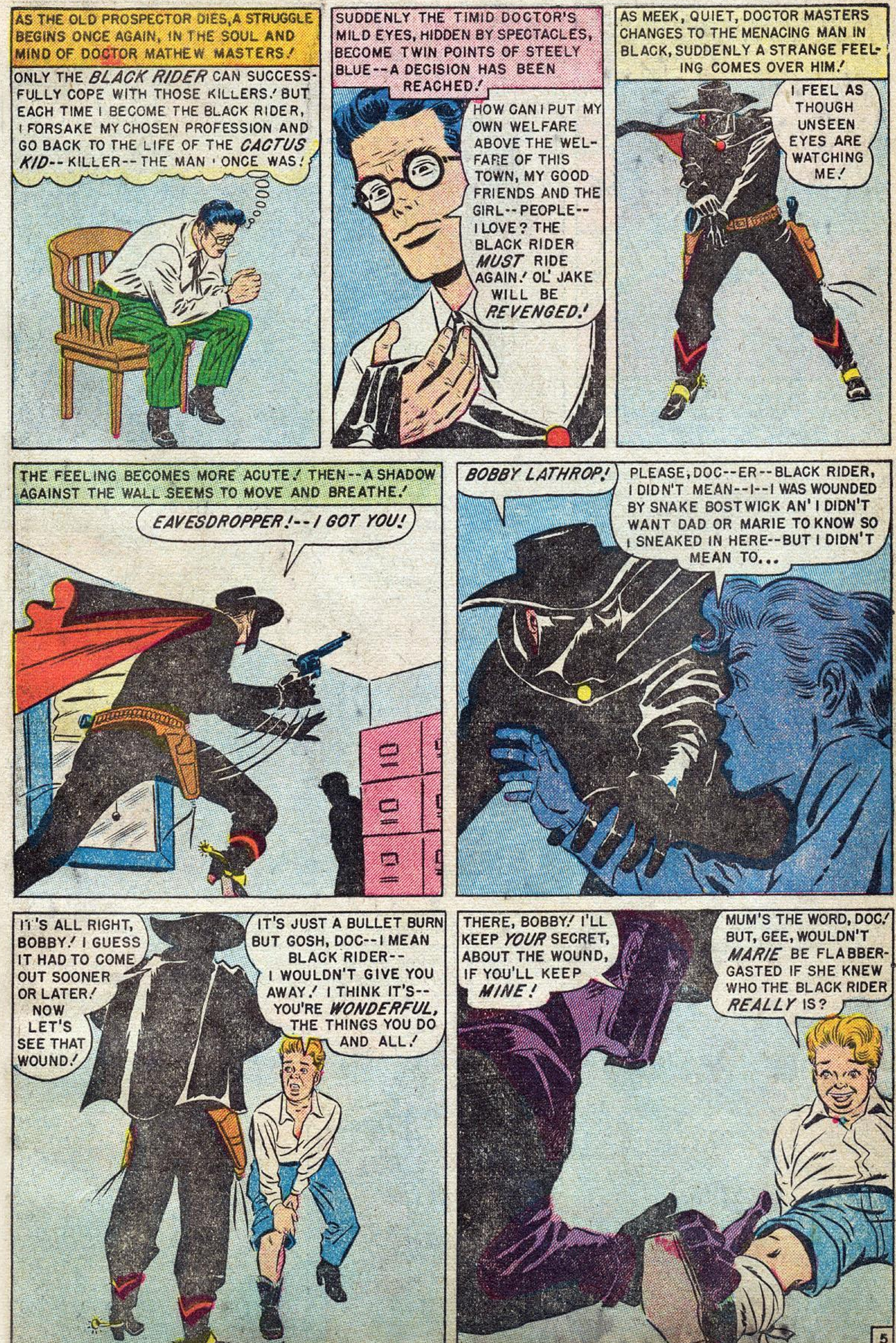

THAT NIGHT THE HONEST CITIZENS OF LEADVILLE MEET IN COLE CAMERON'S BANK! JIM LATHROP, BIGGEST CATTLEMAN IN THE BASIN AND HIS DAUGHTER MARIE, RIDE IN TO ATTEND THE MEETING!
EVENIN' MISS MARIE! GO RIGHT IN, LATHROP-- EVERYBODY'S HERE NOW!
GOOD! I CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM THE SPREAD TOO LONG!

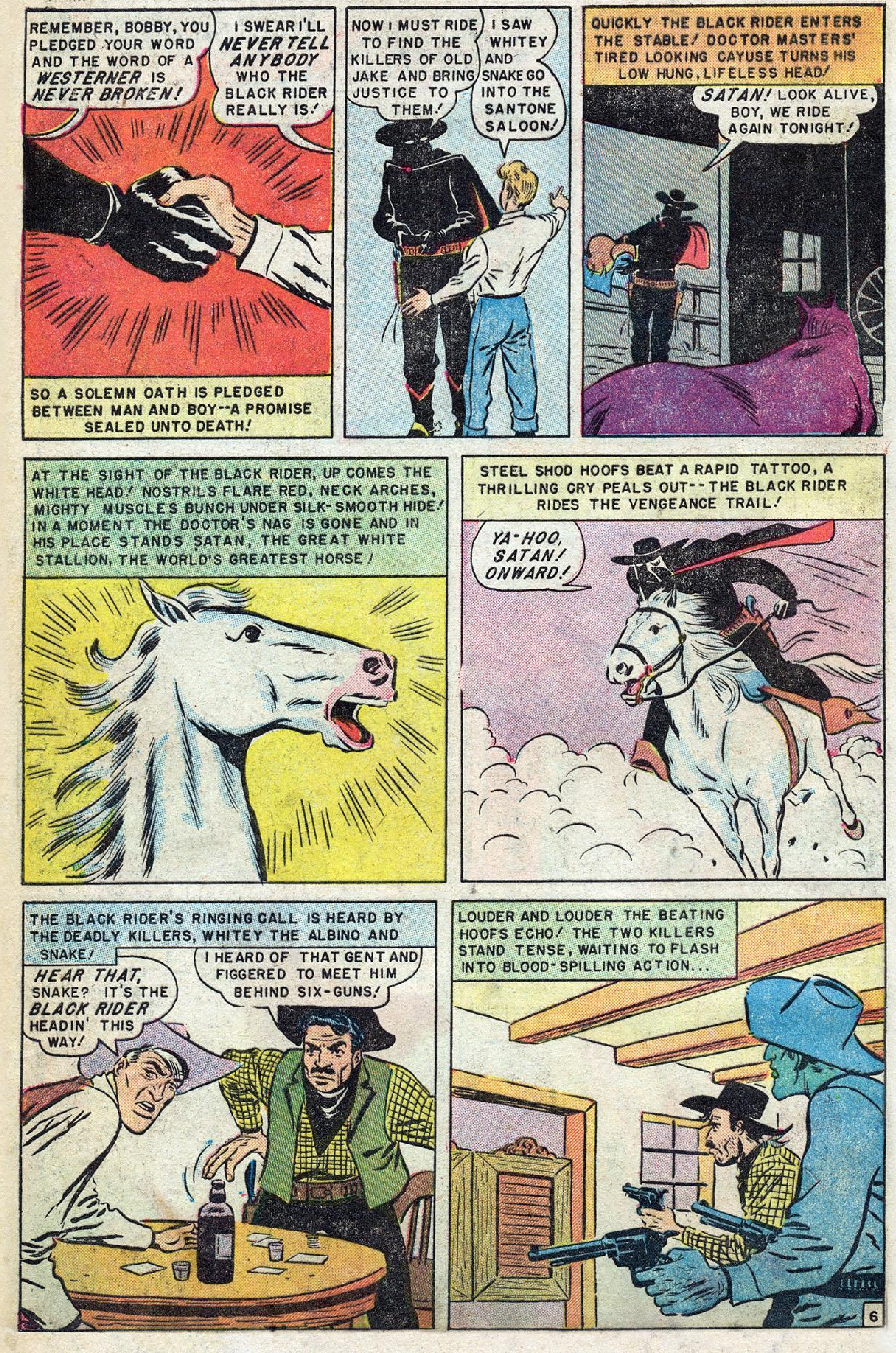

INSIDE THE BANK THE MEETING HAS BEGUN...
...AND WE MUST ORGANIZE JUST AS THE BADMEN HAVE! THE BANK VAULT IS LOADED WITH GOLD AGAIN AND I'M AFRAID OF A RAID ANYTIME, JUST LIKE THE LAST TIME THE VAULTS WERE FULL!

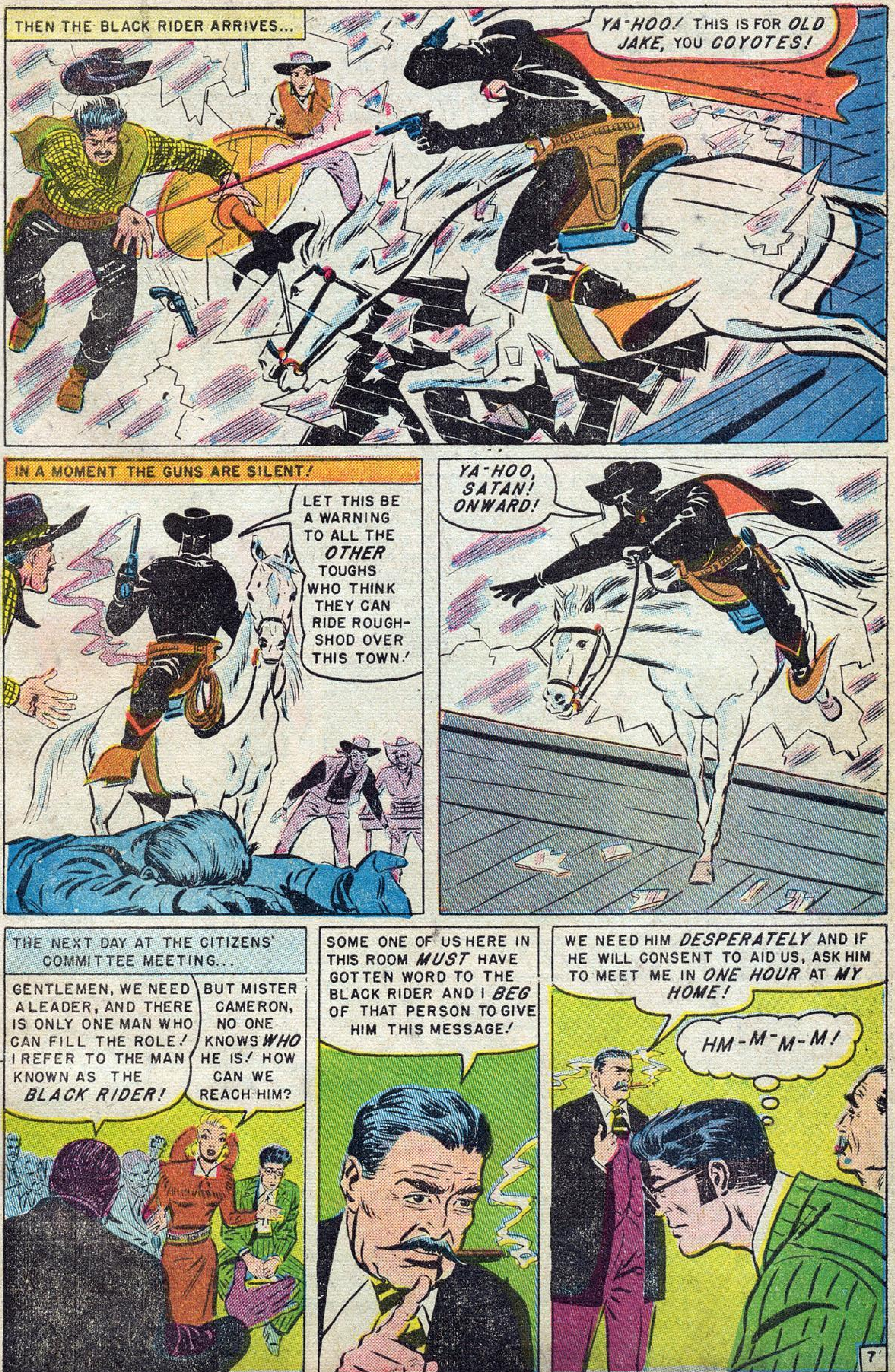

WE'LL SHIP THE GOLD UNDER OUR OWN GUARDS! NOW WE NEED A LEADER HERE! I PROPOSE DOCTOR MATHEW MASTERS!
THAT'S RIDICULOUS!


WE NEED A MAN--A WESTERN GUNMAN WITH GUTS, WHO'S WILLING TO RIDE TO GLORY IN SMOKE AND LEAD--NOT AN EASTERN DOCTOR, WHO'S AFRAID OF GUNS AND HORSES, AND HIDES WHEN THE LEAD SINGS!

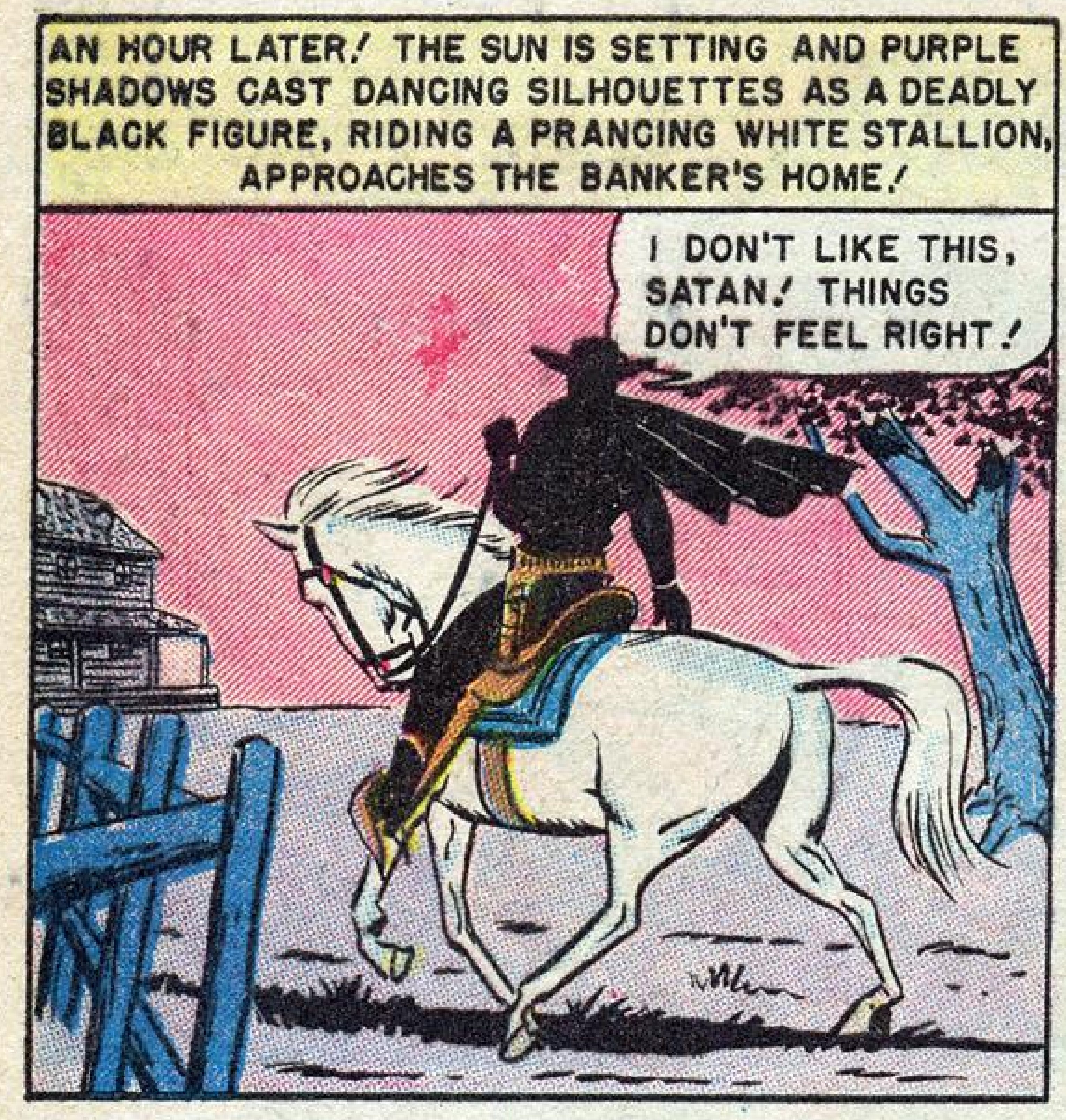

AS THE MEN STAND UNEASILY WATCHING THE DRAMA BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN UNFOLD, AN INTERRUPTION COMES!
DAD! DAD!
IT'S BOBBY!
WHAT IS IT, SON?
DAD! RAIDERS STRUCK THE RANCH AFTER YOU LEFT AND RAN OFF THOSE CHOICE THREE YEAR OLDS! SOME OF THEM HIT MY TRAIL AN' FOLLOWED ME IN!
DOWN ON THE FLOOR, MARIE--BOBBY!
BANG!
THE RAIDERS, ON THE TRAIL OF BOBBY, STRIKE AT THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE!
THAT'S ENOUGH FUN FOR TONIGHT, BOYS--LET'S GO!
YIPPEEEE!
AS THE SMOKE CLEARS AND QUIET ONCE MORE SETTLES DOWN..
LOOK, GENTLEMEN! IS THAT THE MAN YOU WANT TO LEAD YOU?
GENTLEMEN, I THINK WE'D BETTER DISPERSE--THOSE KILLERS MAY COME BACK! WE'LL MEET AGAIN TOMORROW!
IS THE SH-SHOOTING OVER?
AS THE MEETING BREAKS UP...
DOC! OL' JAKE WAS SHOT AN' WE BROUGHT HIM UP TO YOUR PLACE! HURRY!
RIGHT WITH YOU, HARVE!
AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE...
DOC, LISTEN! AIN'T GOT MUCH TIME! IT WAS WHITEY AN SNAKE --JUMPED MY CLAIM-- SHOT ME! GET EM-- DOC--AR-R-RGH!


AS THE OLD PROSPECTOR DIES, A STRUGGLE BEGINS ONCE AGAIN, IN THE SOUL AND MIND OF DOCTOR MATHEW MASTERS!
ONLY THE *BLACK RIDER* CAN SUCCESSFULLY COPE WITH THOSE KILLERS! BUT EACH TIME I BECOME THE BLACK RIDER, I FORSAKE MY CHOSEN PROFESSION AND GO BACK TO THE LIFE OF THE *CACTUS KID*-- KILLER-- THE MAN I ONCE WAS!
SUDDENLY THE TIMID DOCTOR'S MILD EYES, HIDDEN BY SPECTACLES, BECOME TWIN POINTS OF STEELY BLUE--A DECISION HAS BEEN REACHED!
HOW CAN I PUT MY OWN WELFARE ABOVE THE WELFARE OF THIS TOWN, MY GOOD FRIENDS AND THE GIRL--PEOPLE--I LOVE? THE BLACK RIDER *MUST* RIDE AGAIN! OL' JAKE WILL BE *REVENGED!*
AS MEEK, QUIET, DOCTOR MASTERS CHANGES TO THE MENACING MAN IN BLACK, SUDDENLY A STRANGE FEELING COMES OVER HIM!
I FEEL AS THOUGH UNSEEN EYES ARE WATCHING ME!
THE FEELING BECOMES MORE ACUTE! THEN--A SHADOW AGAINST THE WALL SEEMS TO MOVE AND BREATHE!
EAVESDROPPER!--I GOT YOU!
BOBBY LATHROP!
PLEASE, DOC--ER--BLACK RIDER, I DIDN'T MEAN--I--I WAS WOUNDED BY SNAKE BOSTWICK AN' I DIDN'T WANT DAD OR MARIE TO KNOW SO I SNEAKED IN HERE--BUT I DIDN'T MEAN TO...
IT'S ALL RIGHT, BOBBY! I GUESS IT HAD TO COME OUT SOONER OR LATER! NOW LET'S SEE THAT WOUND!
IT'S JUST A BULLET BURN BUT GOSH, DOC--I MEAN BLACK RIDER--I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU AWAY! I THINK IT'S--YOU'RE *WONDERFUL*, THE THINGS YOU DO AND ALL!
THERE, BOBBY! I'LL KEEP *YOUR* SECRET, ABOUT THE WOUND, IF YOU'LL KEEP *MINE*!
MUM'S THE WORD, DOC! BUT, GEE, WOULDN'T *MARIE* BE FLABBERGASTED IF SHE KNEW WHO THE BLACK RIDER *REALLY* IS?

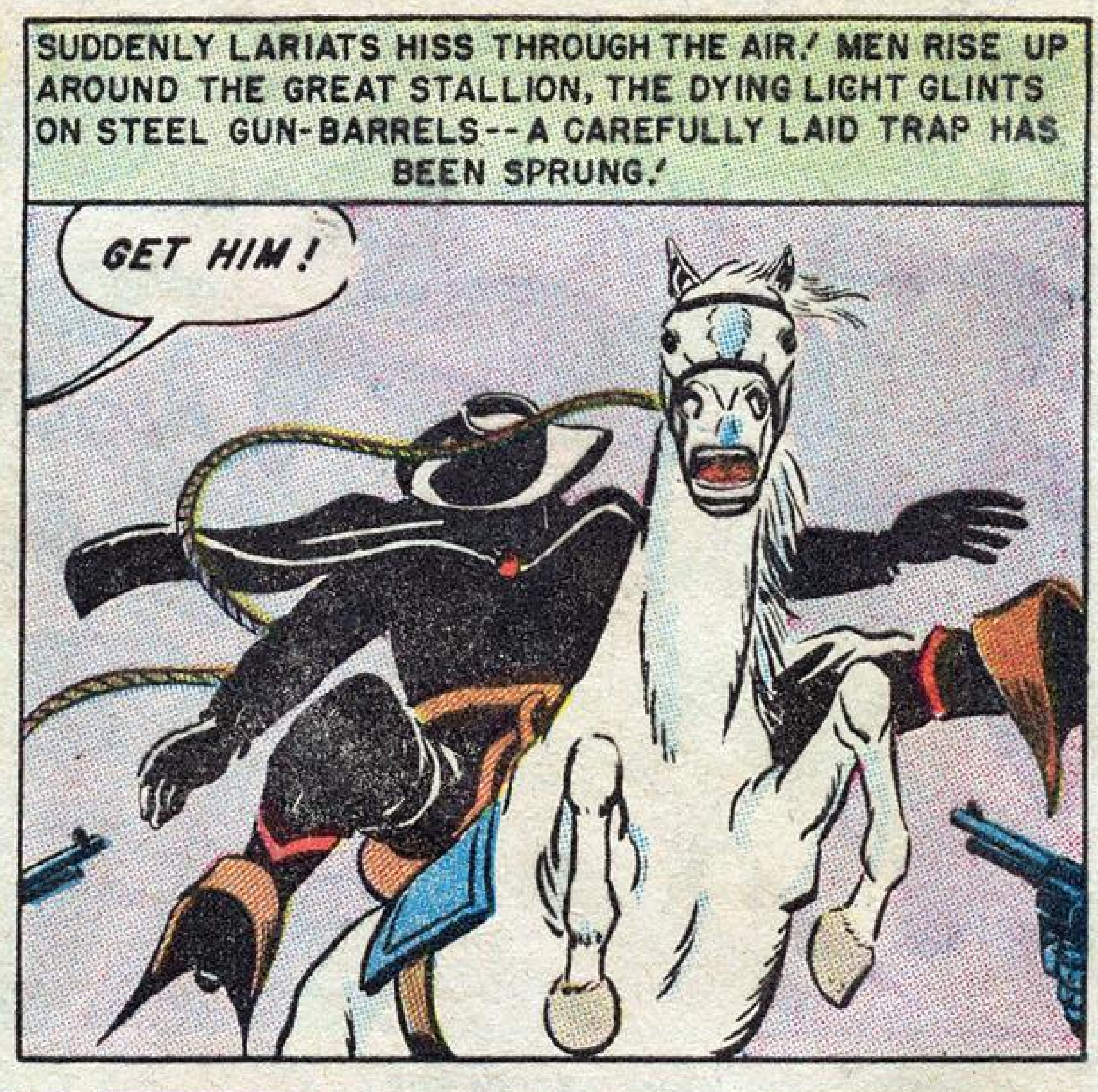

REMEMBER, BOBBY, YOU PLEDGED YOUR WORD AND THE WORD OF A *WESTERNER* IS *NEVER BROKEN!*
I SWEAR I'LL *NEVER TELL ANYBODY* WHO THE BLACK RIDER REALLY IS!
SO A SOLEMN OATH IS PLEDGED BETWEEN MAN AND BOY--A PROMISE SEALED UNTO DEATH!
NOW I MUST RIDE TO FIND THE KILLERS OF OLD JAKE AND BRING JUSTICE TO THEM!
I SAW WHITEY AND SNAKE GO INTO THE SANTONE SALOON!
QUICKLY THE BLACK RIDER ENTERS THE STABLE! DOCTOR MASTERS' TIRED LOOKING CAYUSE TURNS HIS LOW HUNG, LIFELESS HEAD!
SATAN! LOOK ALIVE, BOY, WE RIDE AGAIN TONIGHT!
AT THE SIGHT OF THE BLACK RIDER, UP COMES THE WHITE HEAD! NOSTRILS FLARE RED, NECK ARCHES, MIGHTY MUSCLES BUNCH UNDER SILK-SMOOTH HIDE! IN A MOMENT THE DOCTOR'S NAG IS GONE AND IN HIS PLACE STANDS SATAN, THE GREAT WHITE STALLION, THE WORLD'S GREATEST HORSE!
STEEL SHOD HOOFS BEAT A RAPID TATTOO, A THRILLING CRY PEALS OUT--THE BLACK RIDER RIDES THE VENGEANCE TRAIL!
YA-HOO, SATAN! ONWARD!
THE BLACK RIDER'S RINGING CALL IS HEARD BY THE DEADLY KILLERS, WHITEY THE ALBINO AND SNAKE!
HEAR THAT, SNAKE? IT'S THE *BLACK RIDER* HEADIN' THIS WAY!
I HEARD OF THAT GENT AND FIGGERED TO MEET HIM BEHIND SIX-GUNS!
LOUDER AND LOUDER THE BEATING HOOFS ECHO! THE TWO KILLERS STAND TENSE, WAITING TO FLASH INTO BLOOD-SPILLING ACTION...

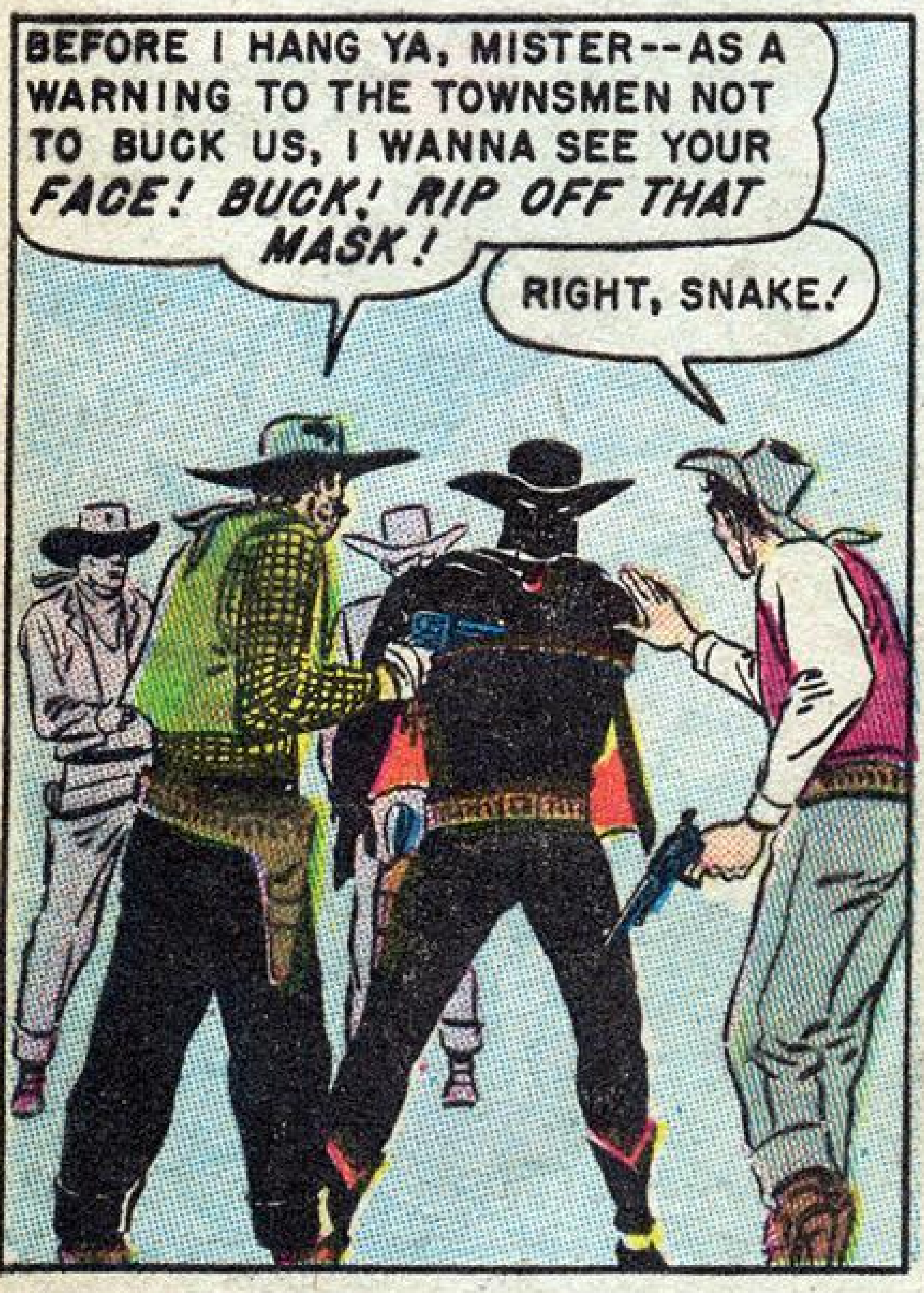

THEN THE BLACK RIDER ARRIVES...
YA-HOO! THIS IS FOR OLD JAKE, YOU COYOTES!
IN A MOMENT THE GUNS ARE SILENT!
LET THIS BE A WARNING TO ALL THE OTHER TOUGHS WHO THINK THEY CAN RIDE ROUGH-SHOD OVER THIS TOWN!
YA-HOO, SATAN! ONWARD!
THE NEXT DAY AT THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE MEETING...
GENTLEMEN, WE NEED A LEADER, AND THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN FILL THE ROLE! I REFER TO THE MAN KNOWN AS THE BLACK RIDER!
BUT MISTER CAMERON, NO ONE KNOWS WHO HE IS! HOW CAN WE REACH HIM?
SOME ONE OF US HERE IN THIS ROOM MUST HAVE GOTTEN WORD TO THE BLACK RIDER AND I BEG OF THAT PERSON TO GIVE HIM THIS MESSAGE!
WE NEED HIM DESPERATELY AND IF HE WILL CONSENT TO AID US, ASK HIM TO MEET ME IN ONE HOUR AT MY HOME!
HM-M-M-M!

AN HOUR LATER! THE SUN IS SETTING AND PURPLE SHADOWS CAST DANCING SILHOUETTES AS A DEADLY BLACK FIGURE, RIDING A PRANCING WHITE STALLION, APPROACHES THE BANKER'S HOME!

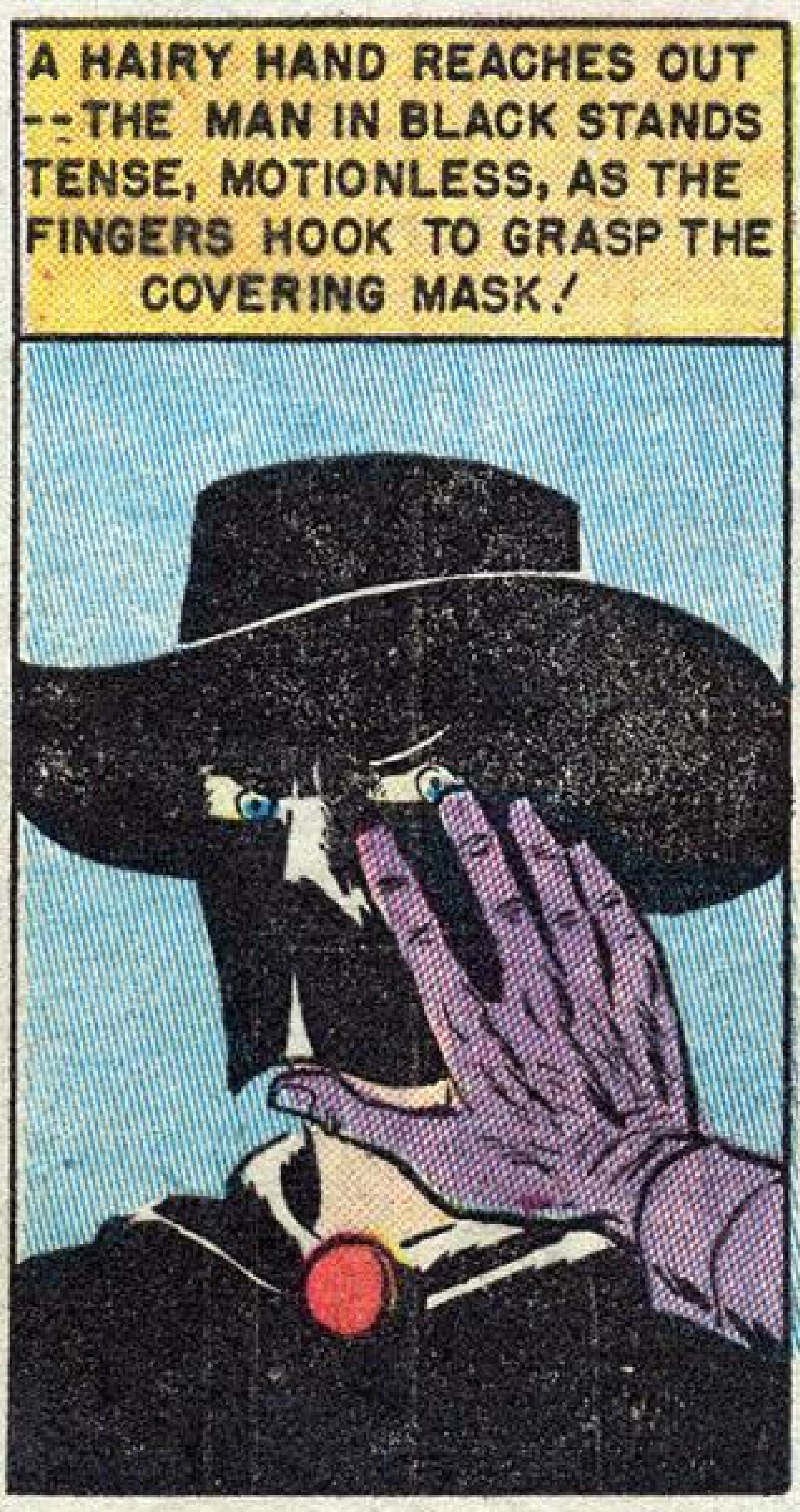

I DON'T LIKE THIS, SATAN! THINGS DON'T FEEL RIGHT!

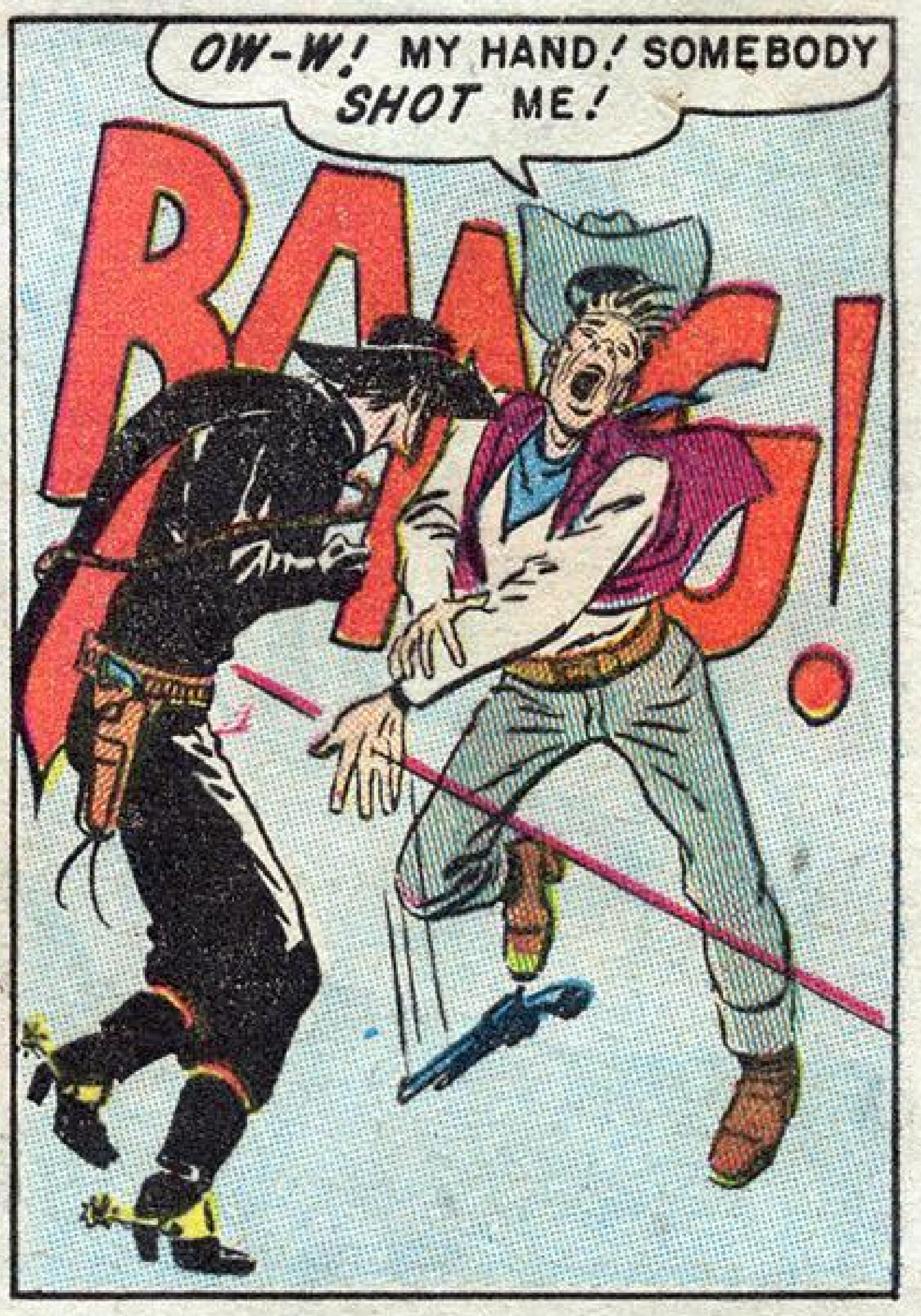
SUDDENLY LARIATS HISS THROUGH THE AIR! MEN RISE UP AROUND THE GREAT STALLION, THE DYING LIGHT GLINTS ON STEEL GUN-BARRELS--A CAREFULLY LAID TRAP HAS BEEN SPRUNG!



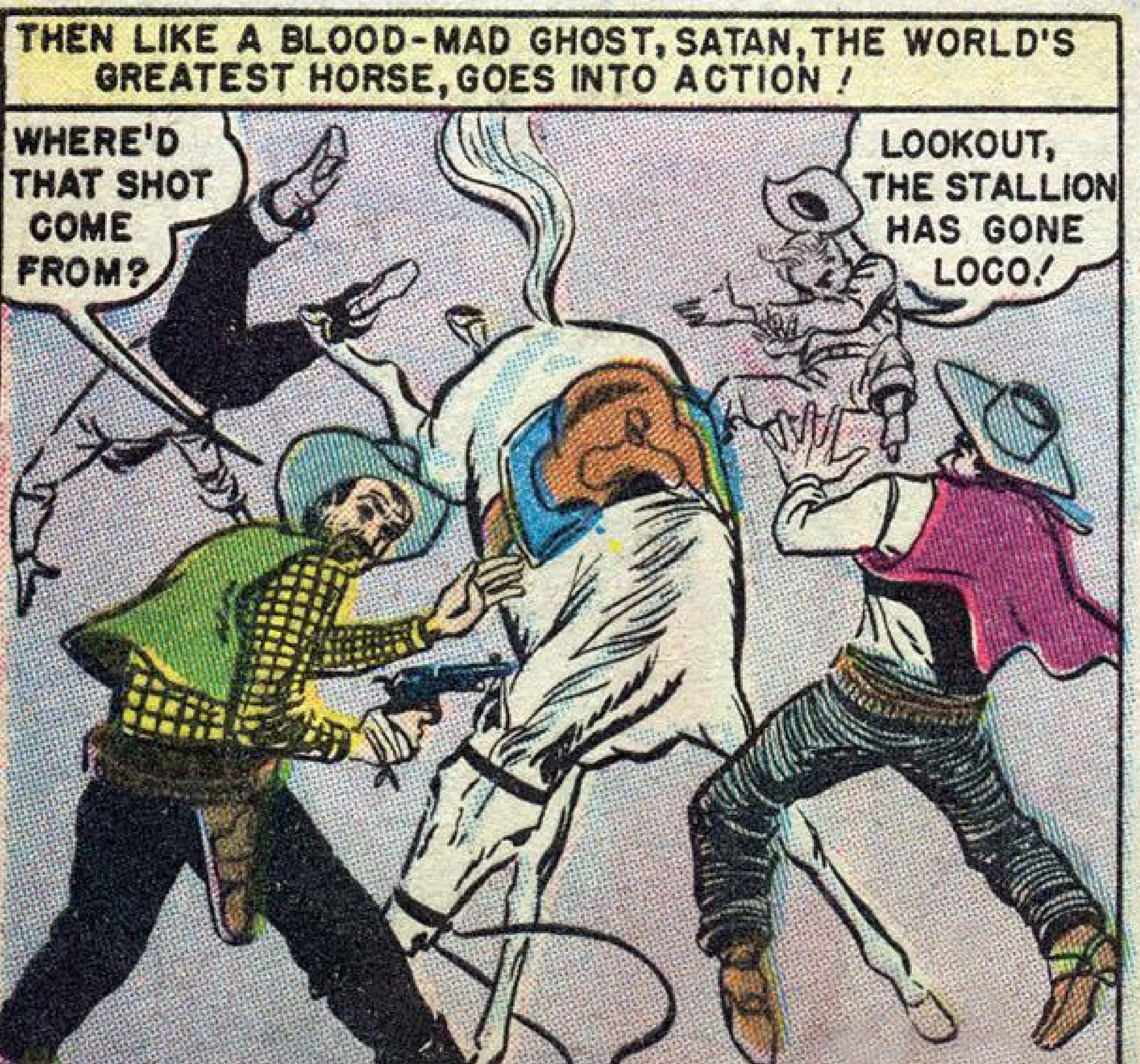

BEFORE I HANG YA, MISTER--AS A WARNING TO THE TOWNSMEN NOT TO BUCK US, I WANNA SEE YOUR *FACE! BUCK! RIP OFF THAT MASK!*
RIGHT, SNAKE!

A HAIRY HAND REACHES OUT --THE MAN IN BLACK STANDS TENSE, MOTIONLESS, AS THE FINGERS HOOK TO GRASP THE COVERING MASK!

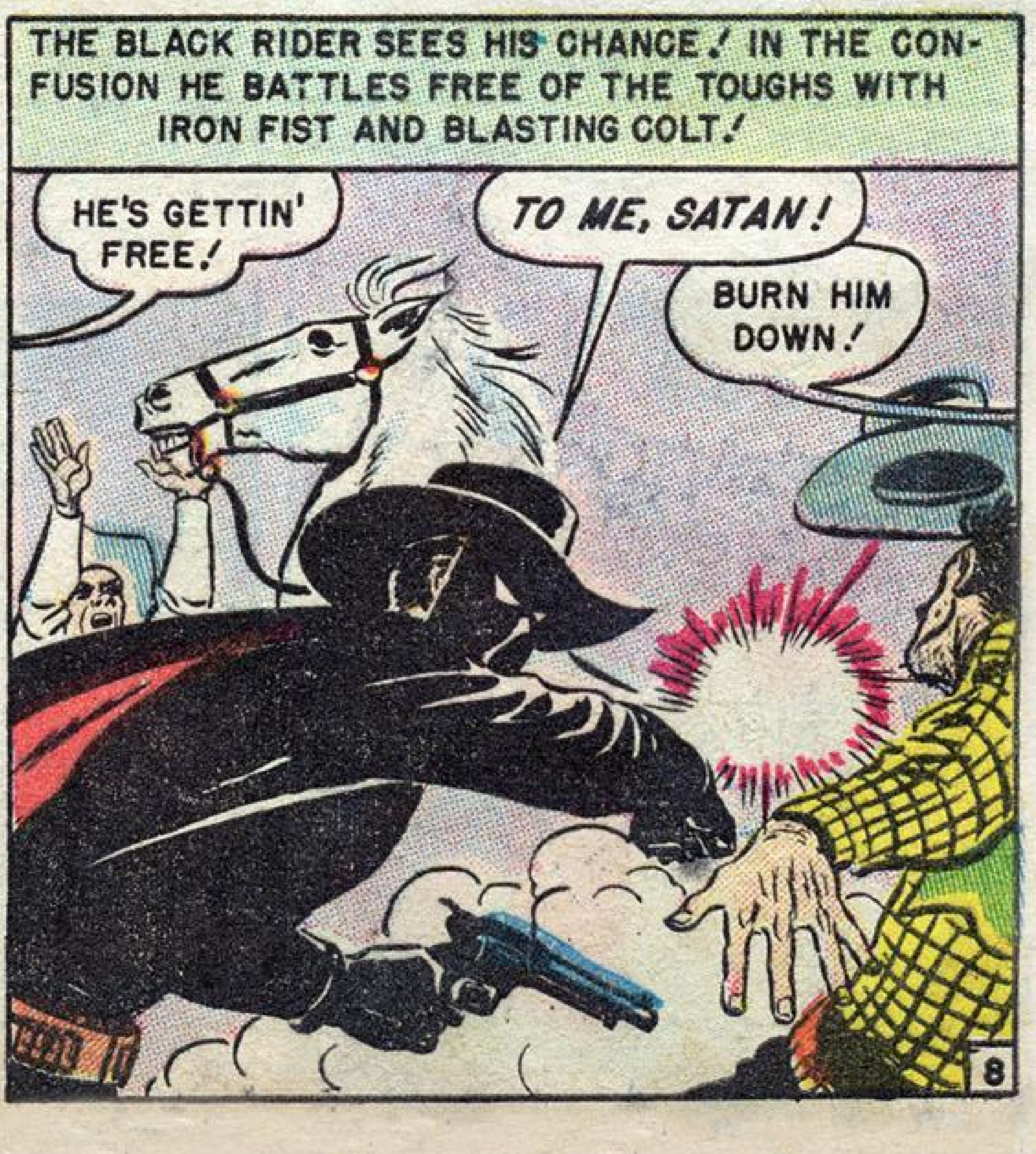


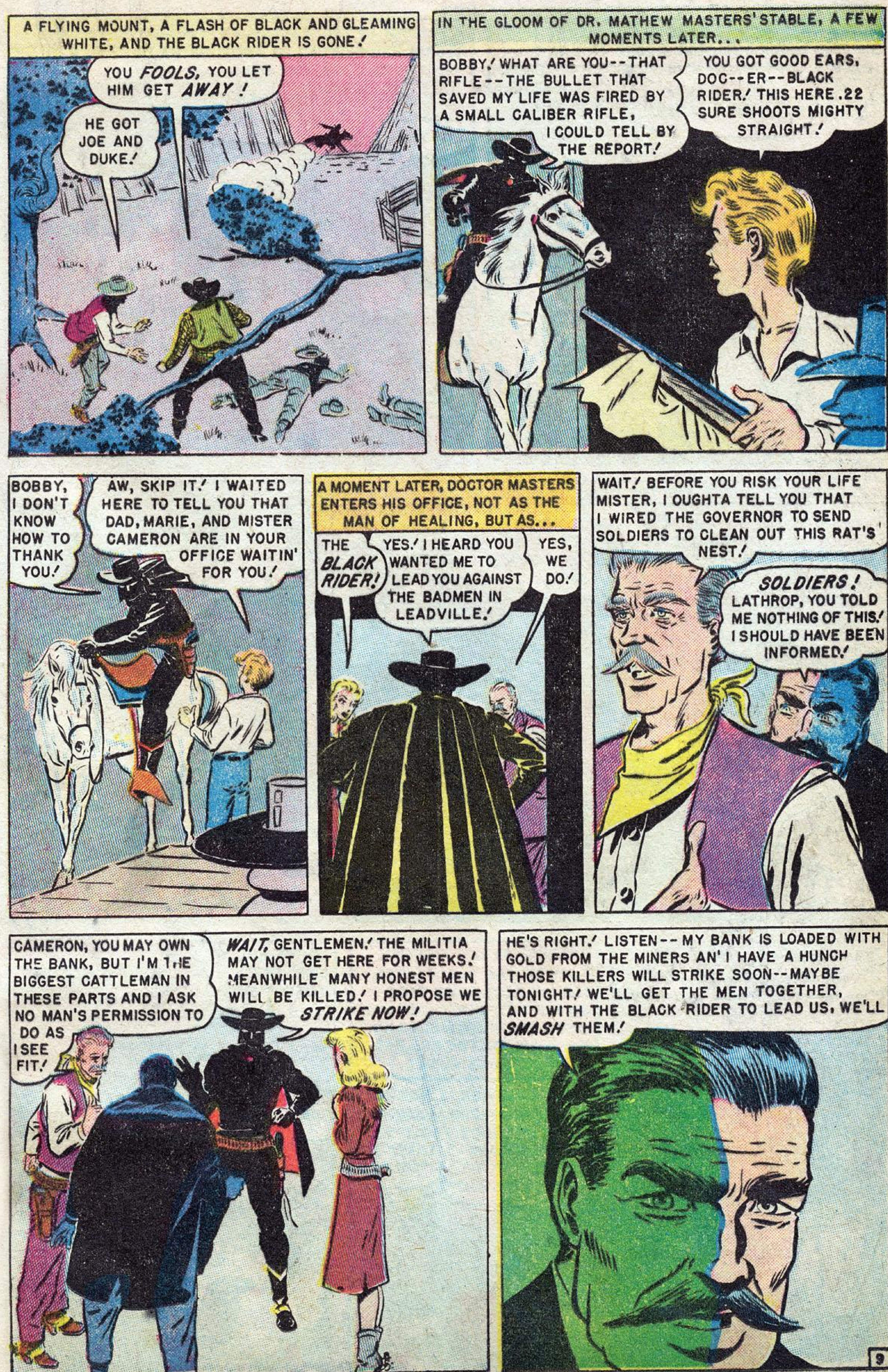

OW-W! MY HAND! SOMEBODY *SHOT* ME!
BANG!

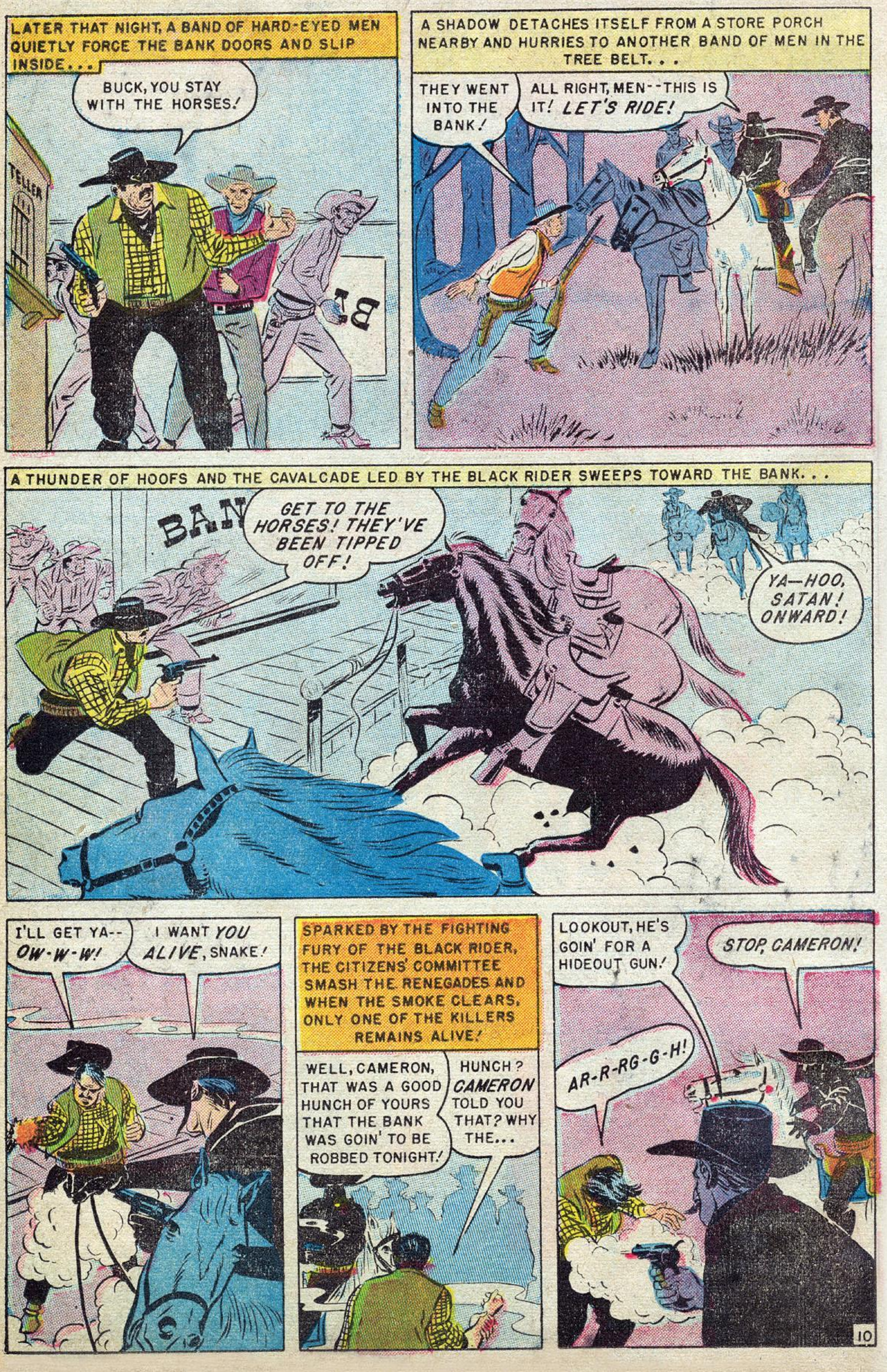
THEN LIKE A BLOOD-MAD GHOST, SATAN, THE WORLD'S GREATEST HORSE, GOES INTO ACTION!

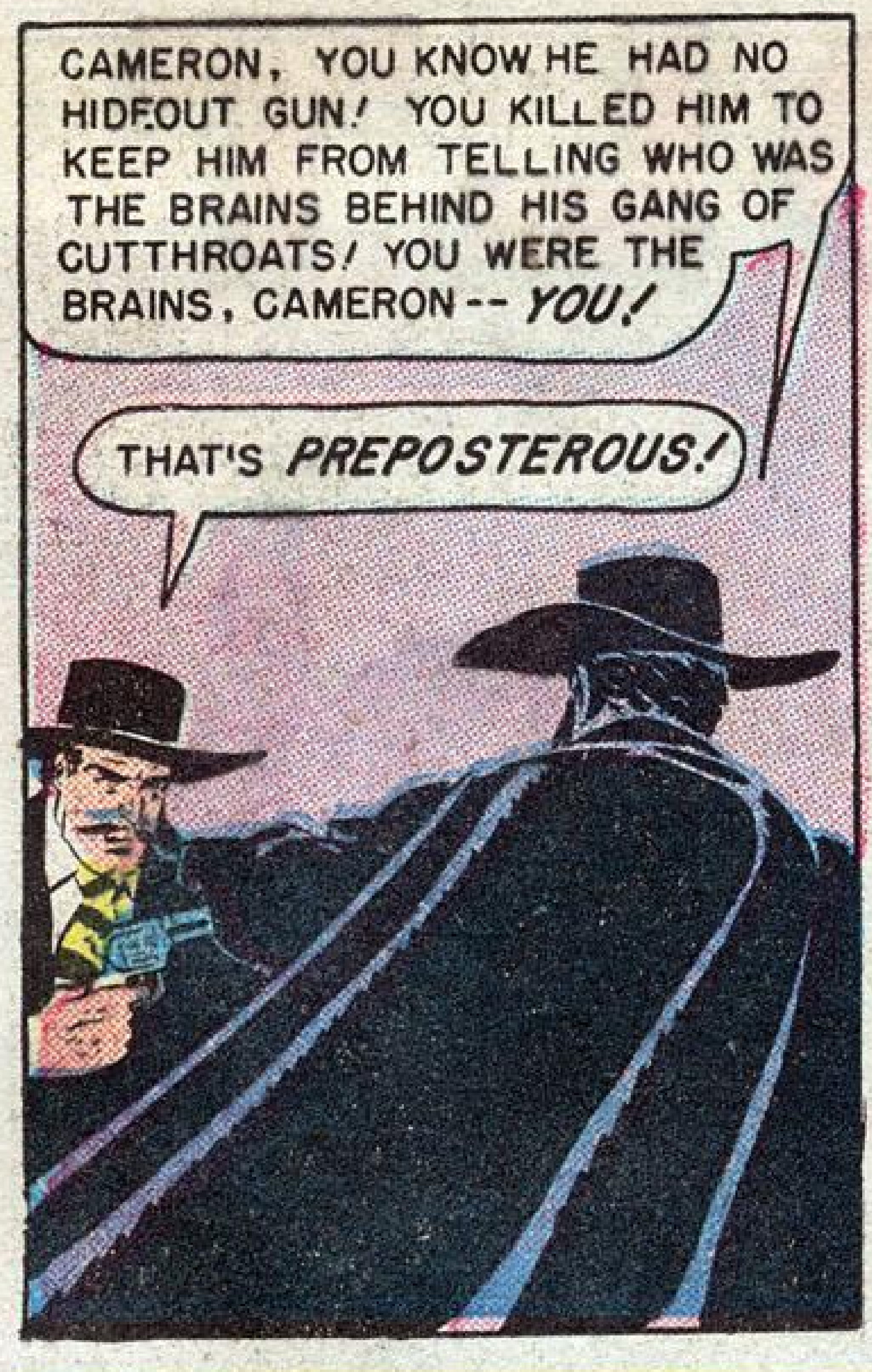

WHERE'D THAT SHOT COME FROM?
LOOKOUT, THE STALLION HAS GONE LOCO!

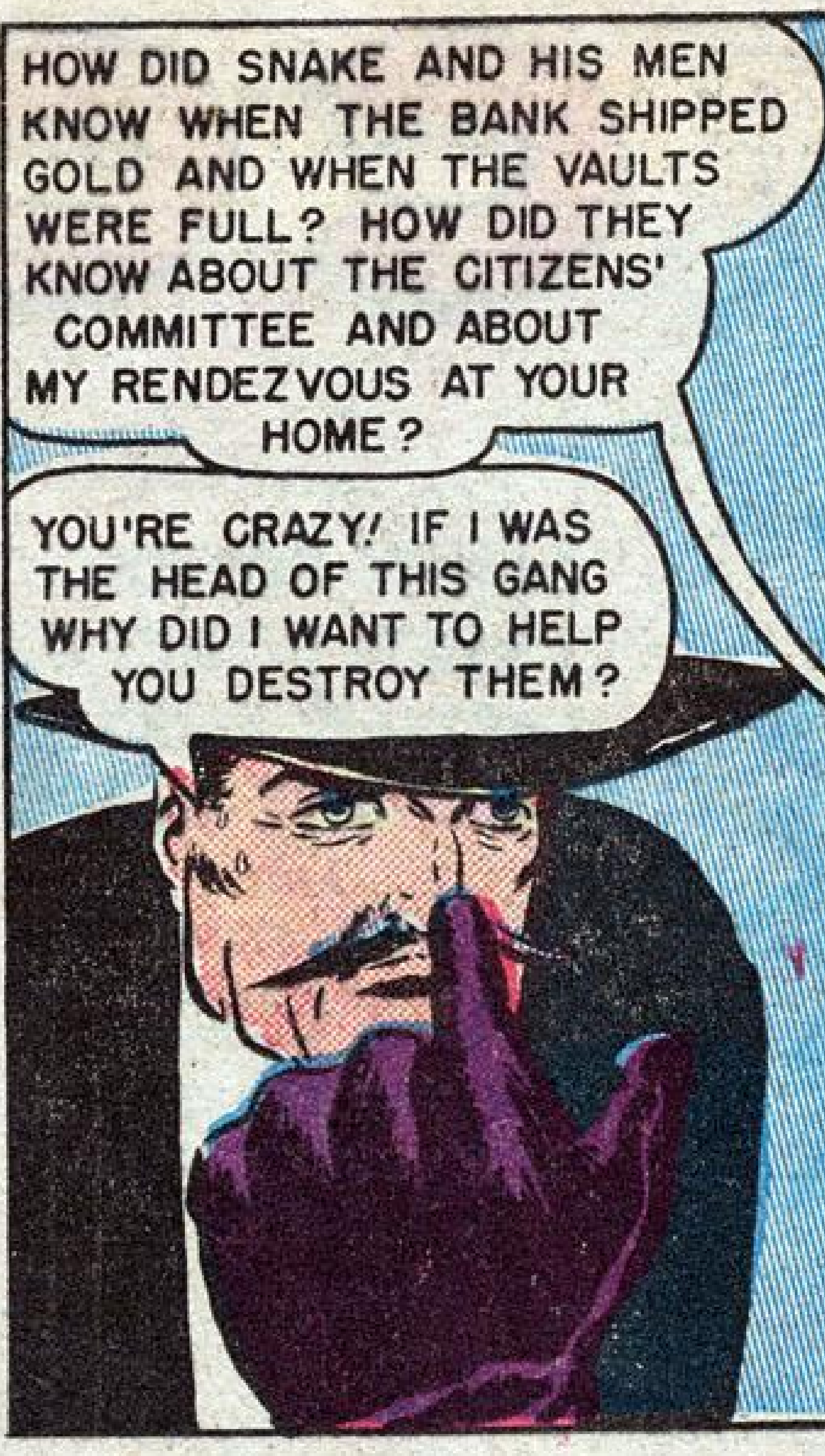
THE BLACK RIDER SEES HIS CHANCE! IN THE CONFUSION HE BATTLES FREE OF THE TOUGHS WITH IRON FIST AND BLASTING COLT!

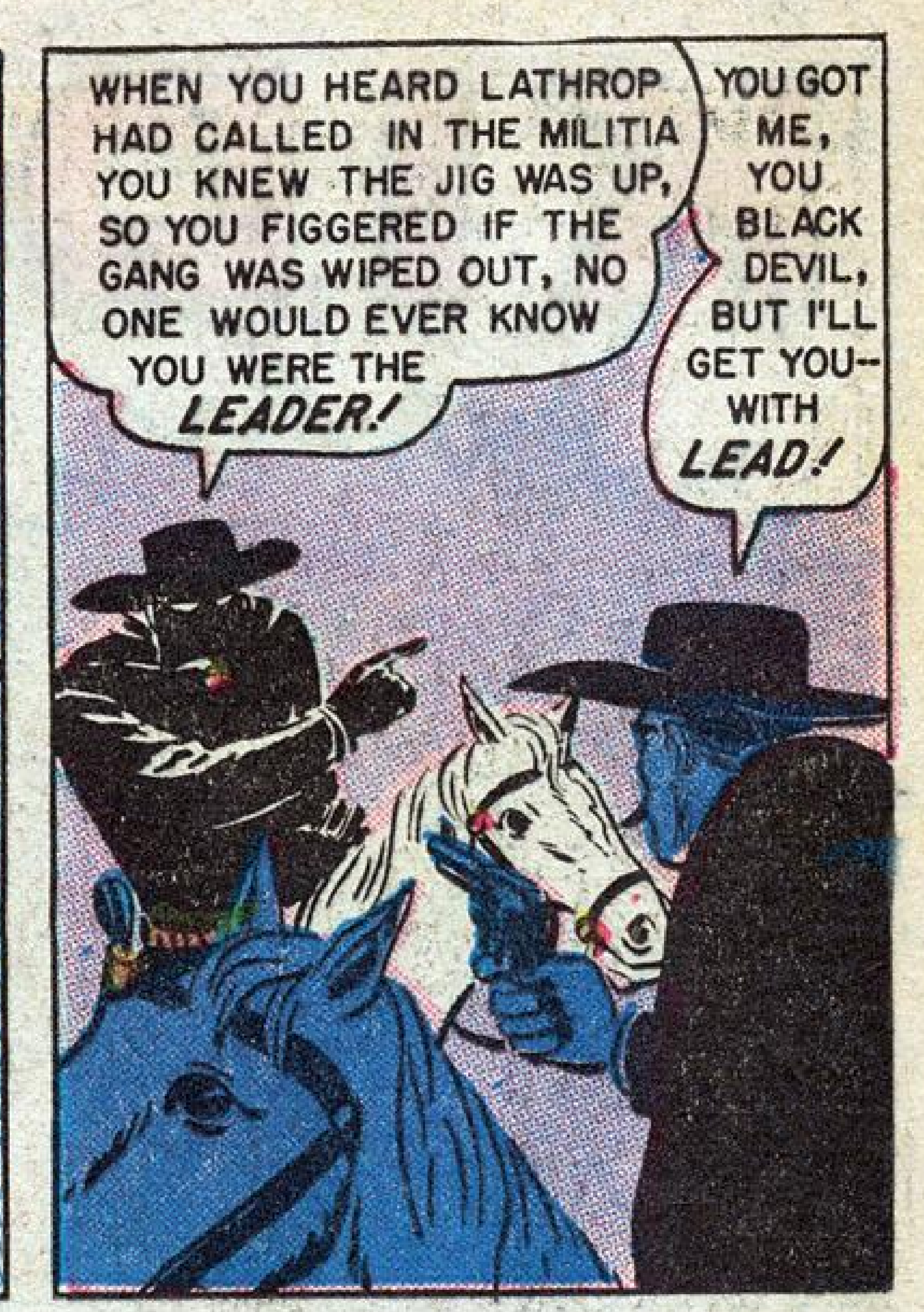

HE'S GETTIN' FREE!
TO ME, SATAN!
BURN HIM DOWN!

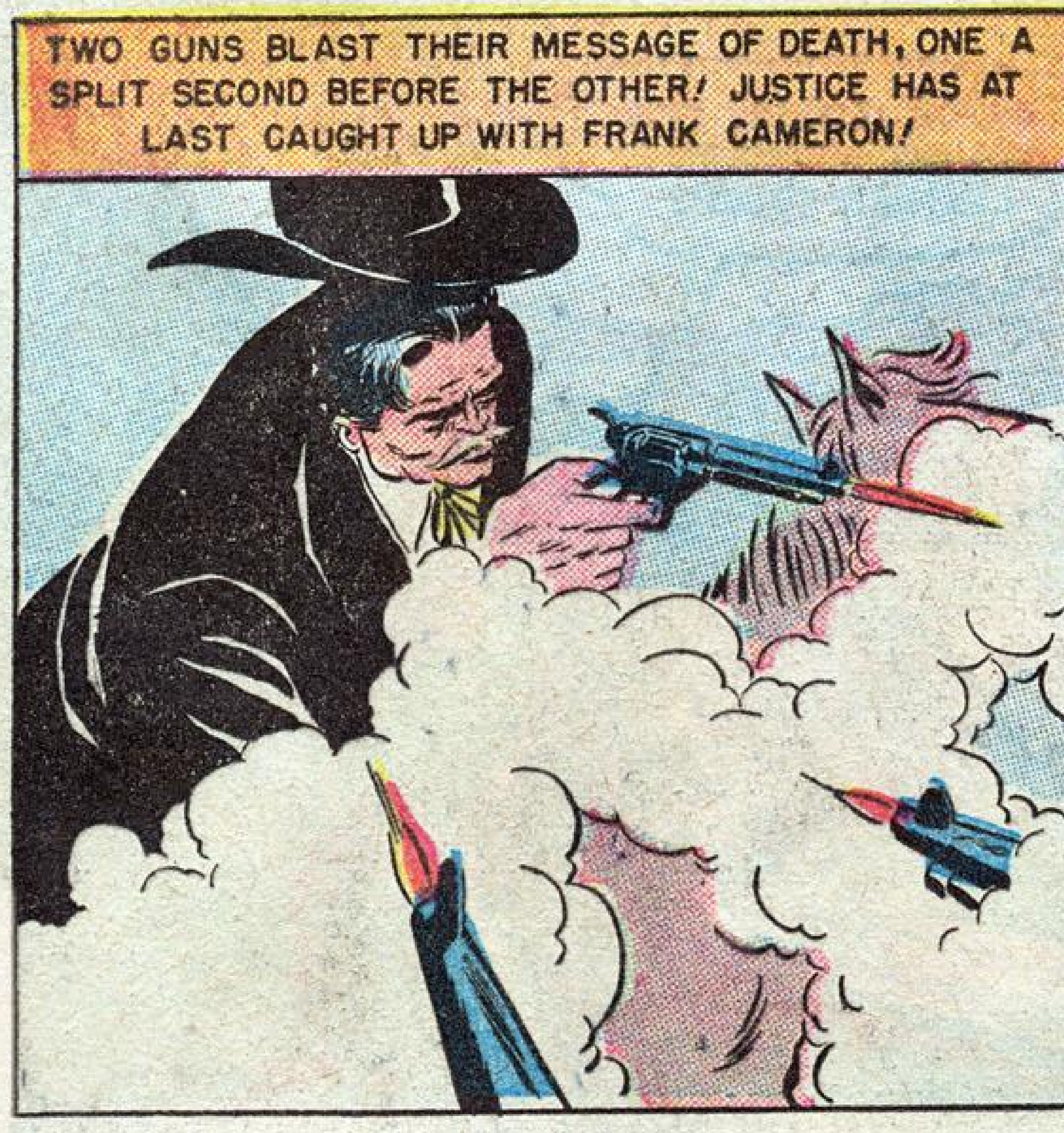

A FLYING MOUNT, A FLASH OF BLACK AND GLEAMING WHITE, AND THE BLACK RIDER IS GONE!
YOU *FOOLS*, YOU LET HIM GET *AWAY*!
HE GOT JOE AND DUKE!
IN THE GLOOM OF DR. MATHEW MASTERS' STABLE, A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
BOBBY! WHAT ARE YOU--THAT RIFLE--THE BULLET THAT SAVED MY LIFE WAS FIRED BY A SMALL CALIBER RIFLE, I COULD TELL BY THE REPORT!
YOU GOT GOOD EARS, DOC--ER--BLACK RIDER! THIS HERE .22 SURE SHOOTS MIGHTY STRAIGHT!
BOBBY, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!
AW, SKIP IT! I WAITED HERE TO TELL YOU THAT DAD, MARIE, AND MISTER CAMERON ARE IN YOUR OFFICE WAITIN' FOR YOU!
A MOMENT LATER, DOCTOR MASTERS ENTERS HIS OFFICE, NOT AS THE MAN OF HEALING, BUT AS...
THE *BLACK RIDER!*
YES! I HEARD YOU WANTED ME TO LEAD YOU AGAINST THE BADMEN IN LEADVILLE!
YES, WE DO!
WAIT! BEFORE YOU RISK YOUR LIFE MISTER, I OUGHTA TELL YOU THAT I WIRED THE GOVERNOR TO SEND SOLDIERS TO CLEAN OUT THIS RAT'S NEST!
SOLDIERS! LATHROP, YOU TOLD ME NOTHING OF THIS! I SHOULD HAVE BEEN INFORMED!
CAMERON, YOU MAY OWN THE BANK, BUT I'M THE BIGGEST CATTLEMAN IN THESE PARTS AND I ASK NO MAN'S PERMISSION TO DO AS I SEE FIT!
WAIT, GENTLEMEN! THE MILITIA MAY NOT GET HERE FOR WEEKS! MEANWHILE MANY HONEST MEN WILL BE KILLED! I PROPOSE WE *STRIKE NOW!*
HE'S RIGHT! LISTEN--MY BANK IS LOADED WITH GOLD FROM THE MINERS AN' I HAVE A HUNCH THOSE KILLERS WILL STRIKE SOON--MAYBE TONIGHT! WE'LL GET THE MEN TOGETHER, AND WITH THE BLACK RIDER TO LEAD US, WE'LL *SMASH* THEM!

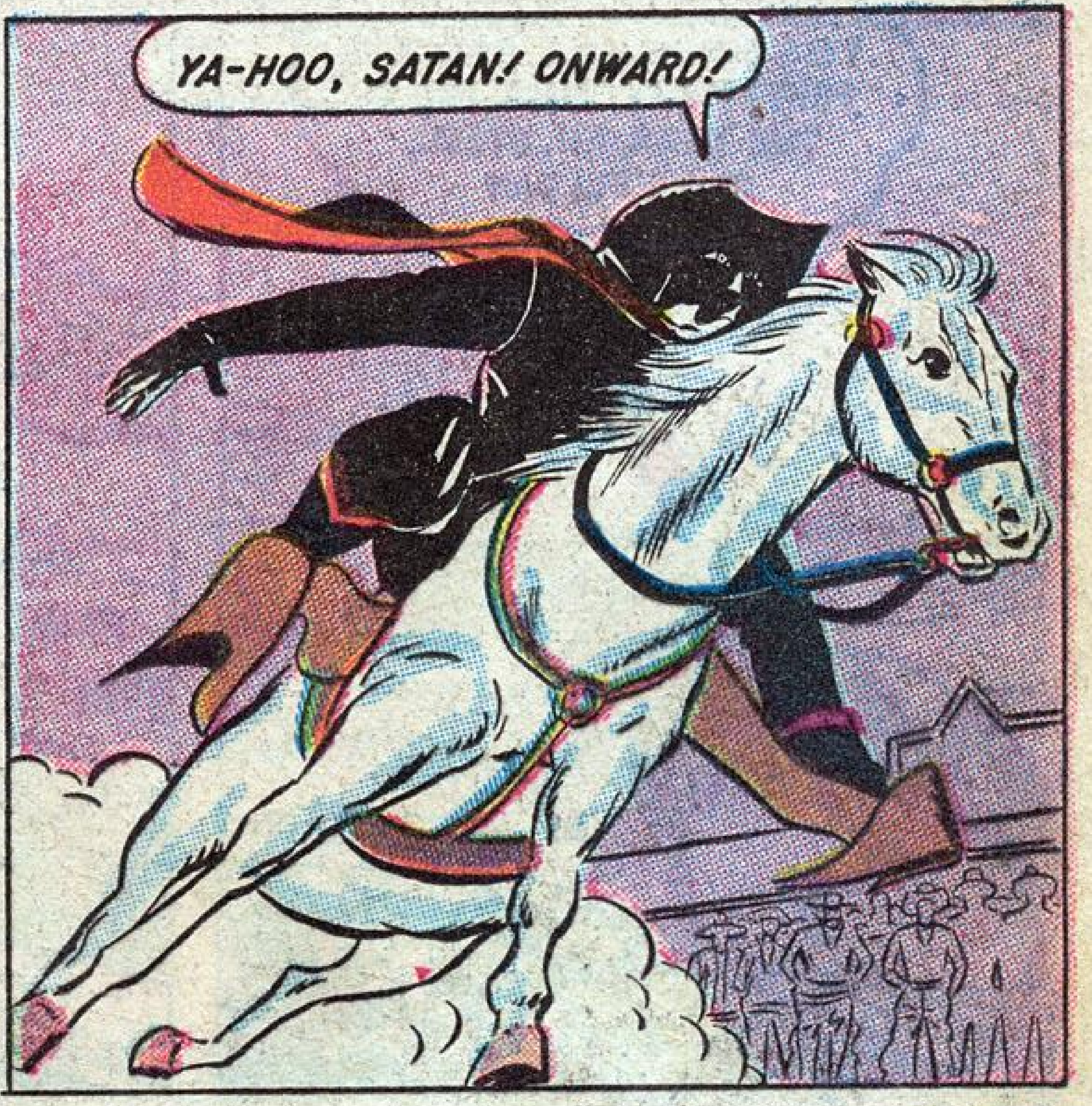

LATER THAT NIGHT, A BAND OF HARD-EYED MEN QUIETLY FORCE THE BANK DOORS AND SLIP INSIDE...
BUCK, YOU STAY WITH THE HORSES!
TELLER
A SHADOW DETACHES ITSELF FROM A STORE PORCH NEARBY AND HURRIES TO ANOTHER BAND OF MEN IN THE TREE BELT...
THEY WENT INTO THE BANK!
ALL RIGHT, MEN--THIS IS IT! *LET'S RIDE!*
A THUNDER OF HOOFS AND THE CAVALCADE LED BY THE BLACK RIDER SWEEPS TOWARD THE BANK...
BAN
GET TO THE HORSES! THEY'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF!
YA—HOO, SATAN! ONWARD!
I'LL GET YA-- *OW-W-W!*
I WANT *YOU ALIVE*, SNAKE!
SPARKED BY THE FIGHTING FURY OF THE BLACK RIDER, THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE SMASH THE RENEGADES AND WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS, ONLY ONE OF THE KILLERS REMAINS ALIVE!
WELL, CAMERON, THAT WAS A GOOD HUNCH OF YOURS THAT THE BANK WAS GOIN' TO BE ROBBED TONIGHT!
HUNCH? *CAMERON* TOLD YOU THAT? WHY THE...
LOOKOUT, HE'S GOIN' FOR A HIDEOUT GUN!
STOP, CAMERON!
AR-R-RG-G-H!

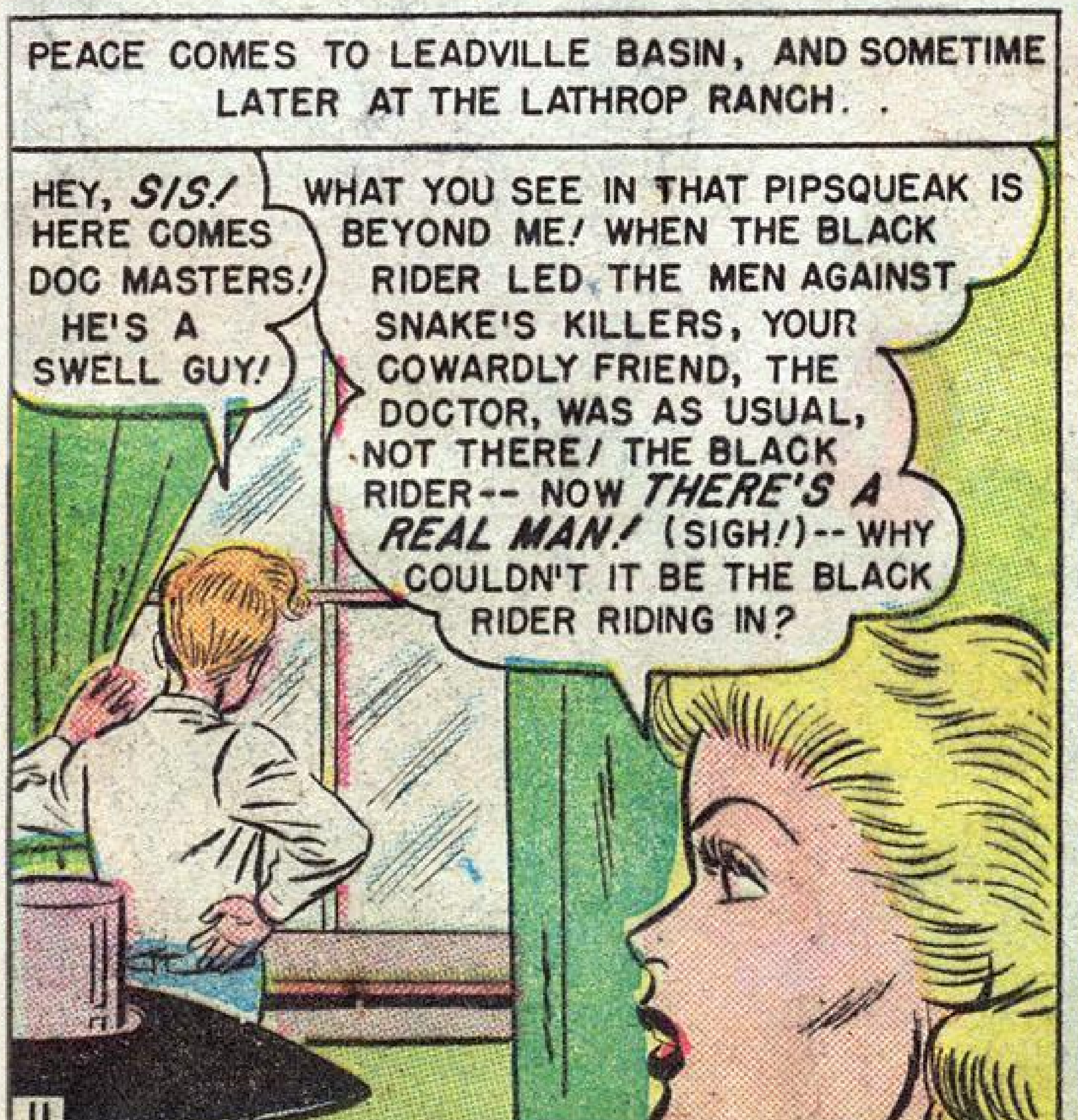

CAMERON, YOU KNOW HE HAD NO HIDEOUT GUN! YOU KILLED HIM TO KEEP HIM FROM TELLING WHO WAS THE BRAINS BEHIND HIS GANG OF CUTTHROATS! YOU WERE THE BRAINS, CAMERON -- *YOU!*
THAT'S *PREPOSTEROUS!*

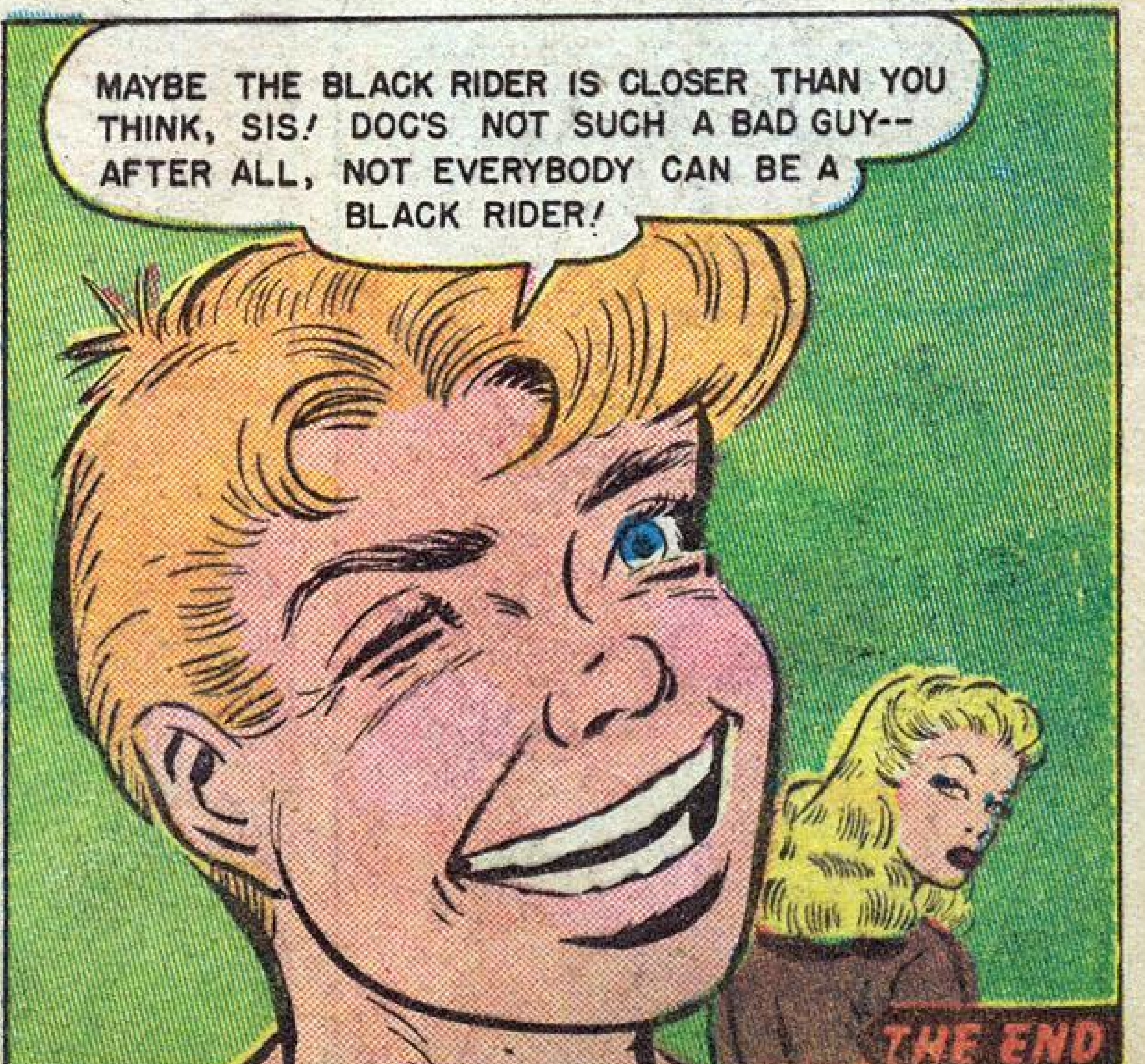

HOW DID SNAKE AND HIS MEN KNOW WHEN THE BANK SHIPPED GOLD AND WHEN THE VAULTS WERE FULL? HOW DID THEY KNOW ABOUT THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE AND ABOUT MY RENDEZVOUS AT YOUR HOME?
YOU'RE CRAZY! IF I WAS THE HEAD OF THIS GANG WHY DID I WANT TO HELP YOU DESTROY THEM?

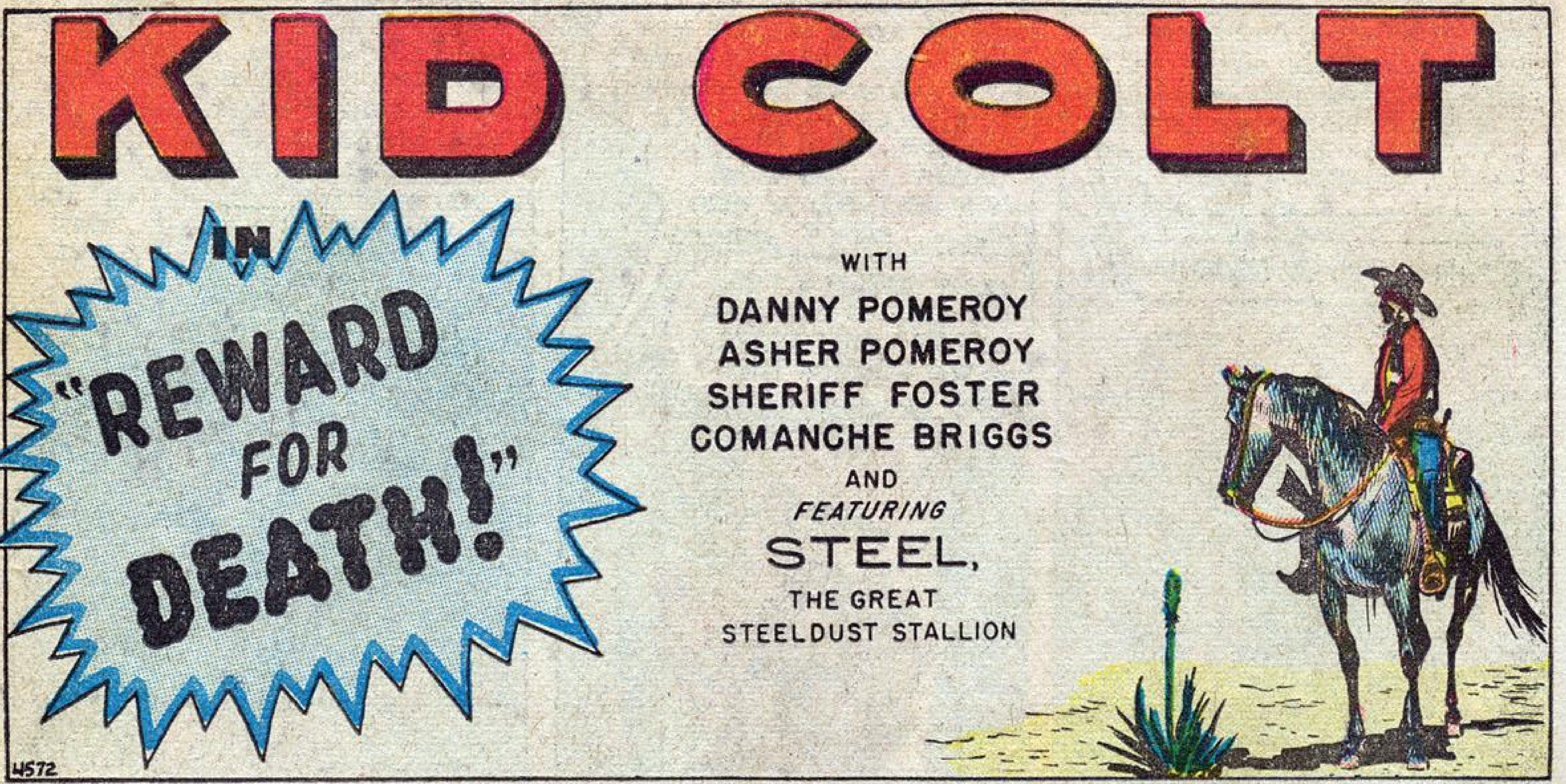

WHEN YOU HEARD LATHROP HAD CALLED IN THE MILITIA YOU KNEW THE JIG WAS UP, SO YOU FIGGERED IF THE GANG WAS WIPED OUT, NO ONE WOULD EVER KNOW YOU WERE THE *LEADER!*
YOU GOT ME, YOU BLACK DEVIL, BUT I'LL GET YOU-- WITH *LEAD!*

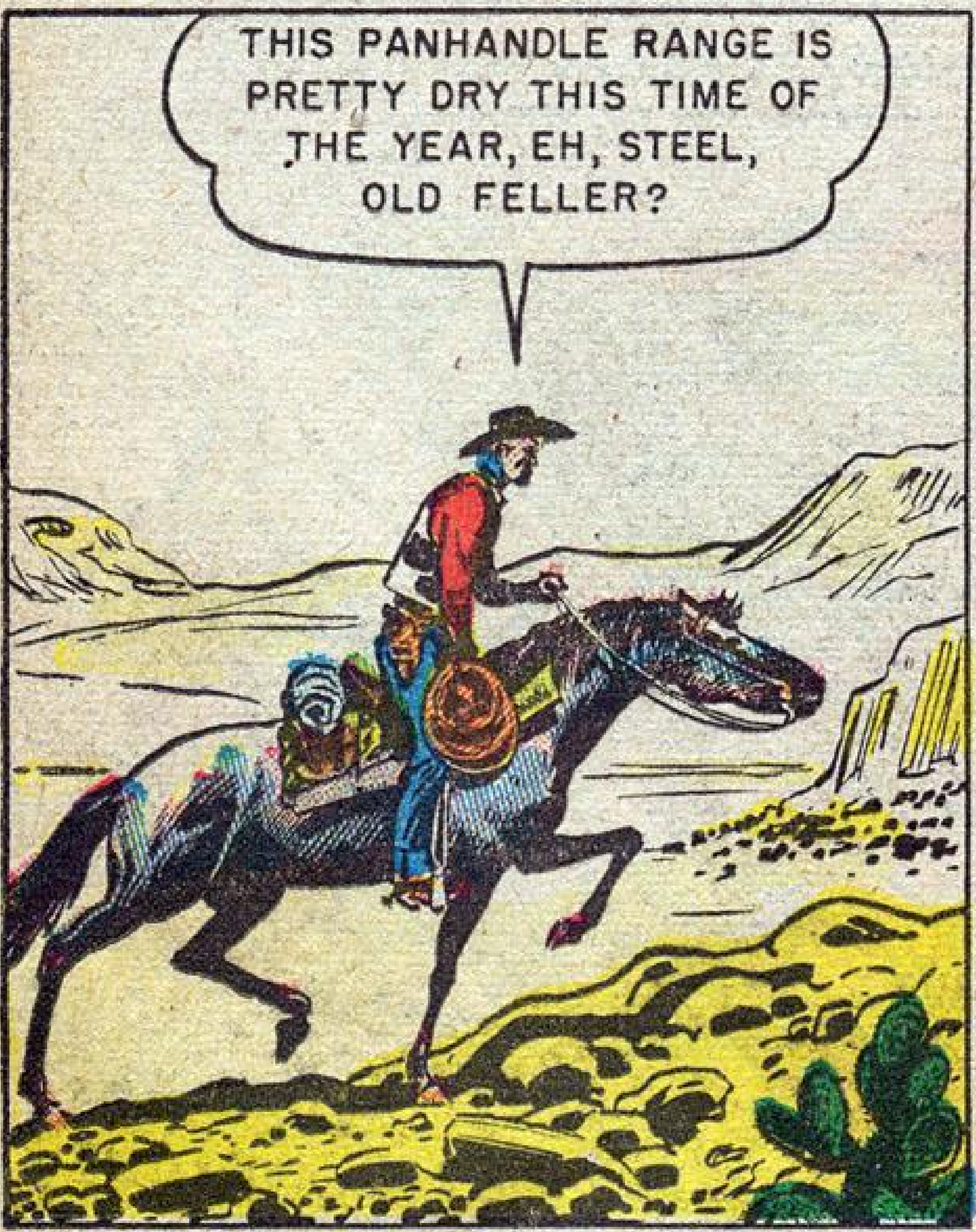

TWO GUNS BLAST THEIR MESSAGE OF DEATH, ONE A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE OTHER! JUSTICE HAS AT LAST CAUGHT UP WITH FRANK CAMERON!

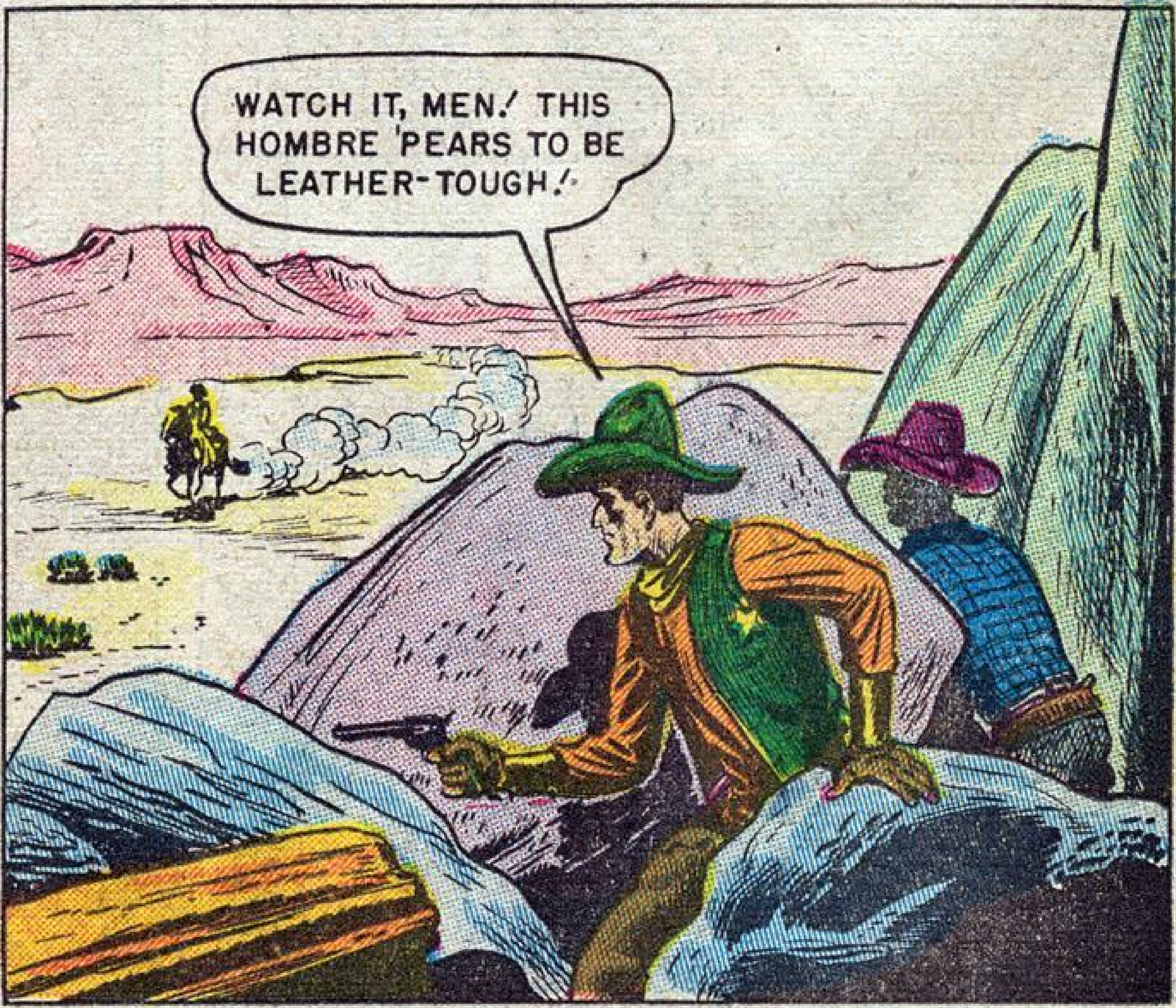

YA-HOO, SATAN! ONWARD!

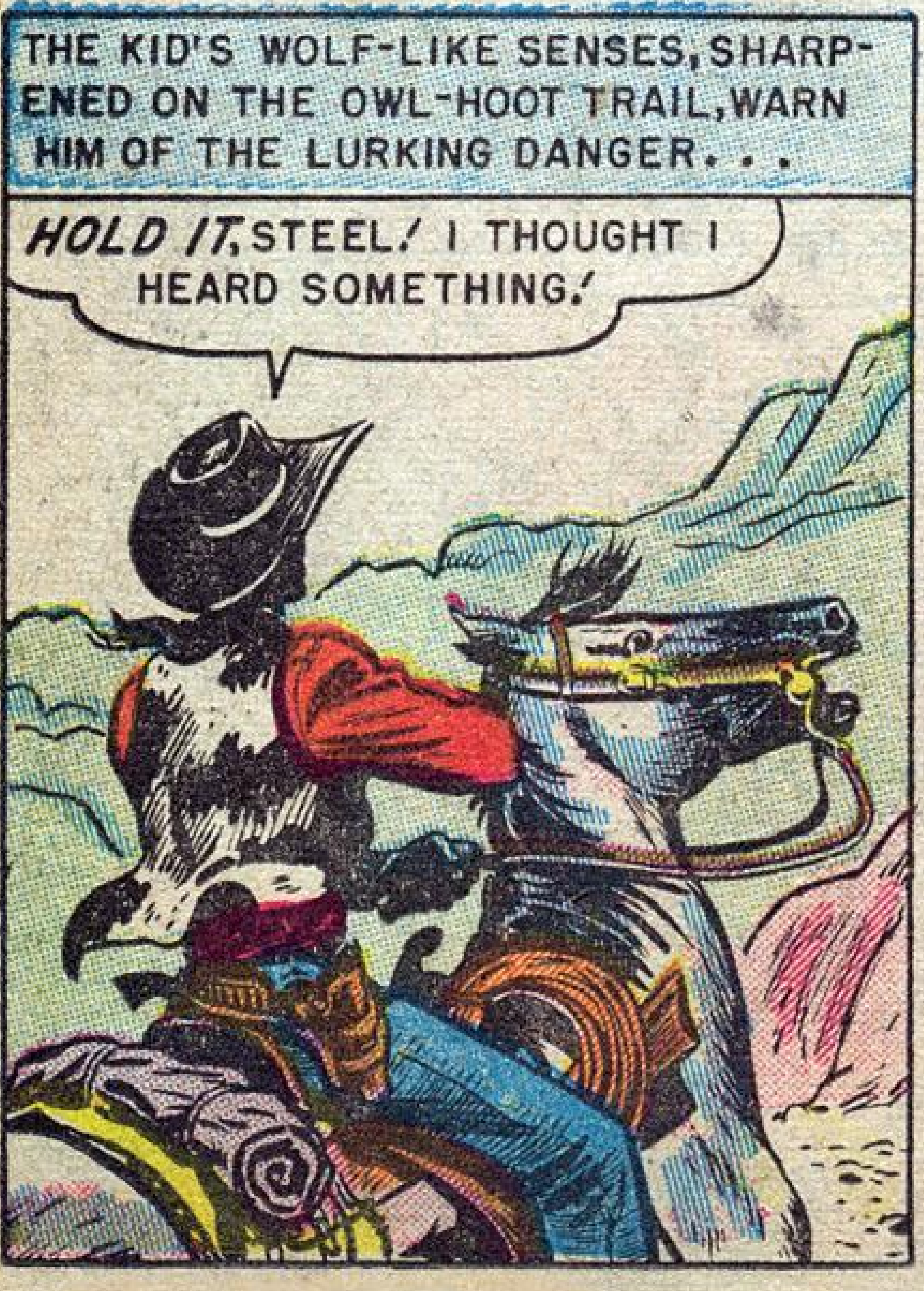

PEACE COMES TO LEADVILLE BASIN, AND SOMETIME LATER AT THE LATHROP RANCH. .
HEY, *SIS!* HERE COMES DOC MASTERS! HE'S A SWELL GUY!
WHAT YOU SEE IN THAT PIPSQUEAK IS BEYOND ME! WHEN THE BLACK RIDER LED THE MEN AGAINST SNAKE'S KILLERS, YOUR COWARDLY FRIEND, THE DOCTOR, WAS AS USUAL, NOT THERE! THE BLACK RIDER -- NOW *THERE'S A REAL MAN!* (SIGH!) -- WHY COULDN'T IT BE THE BLACK RIDER RIDING IN?

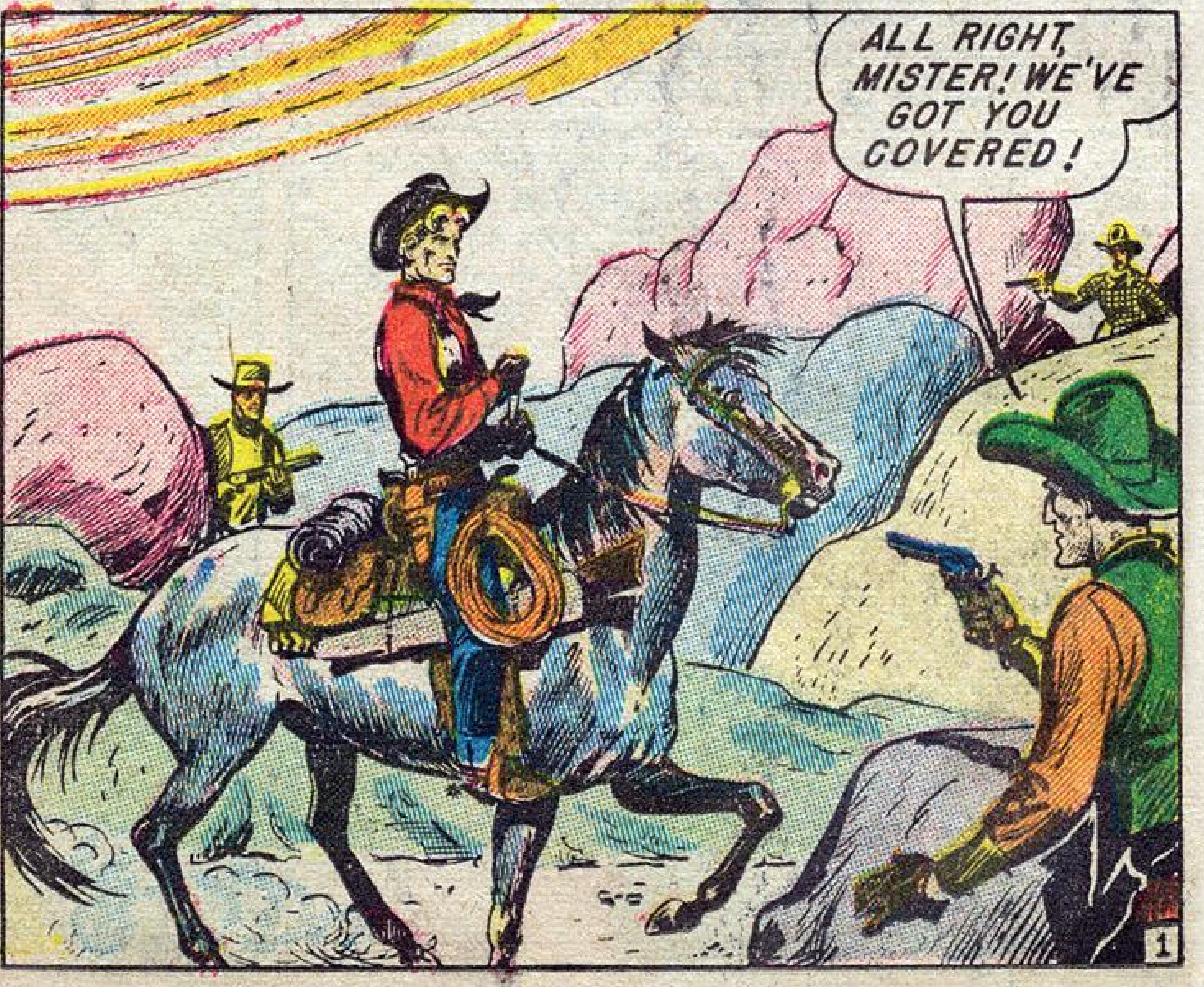

MAYBE THE BLACK RIDER IS CLOSER THAN YOU THINK, SIS! DOC'S NOT SUCH A BAD GUY-- AFTER ALL, NOT EVERYBODY CAN BE A BLACK RIDER!
THE END

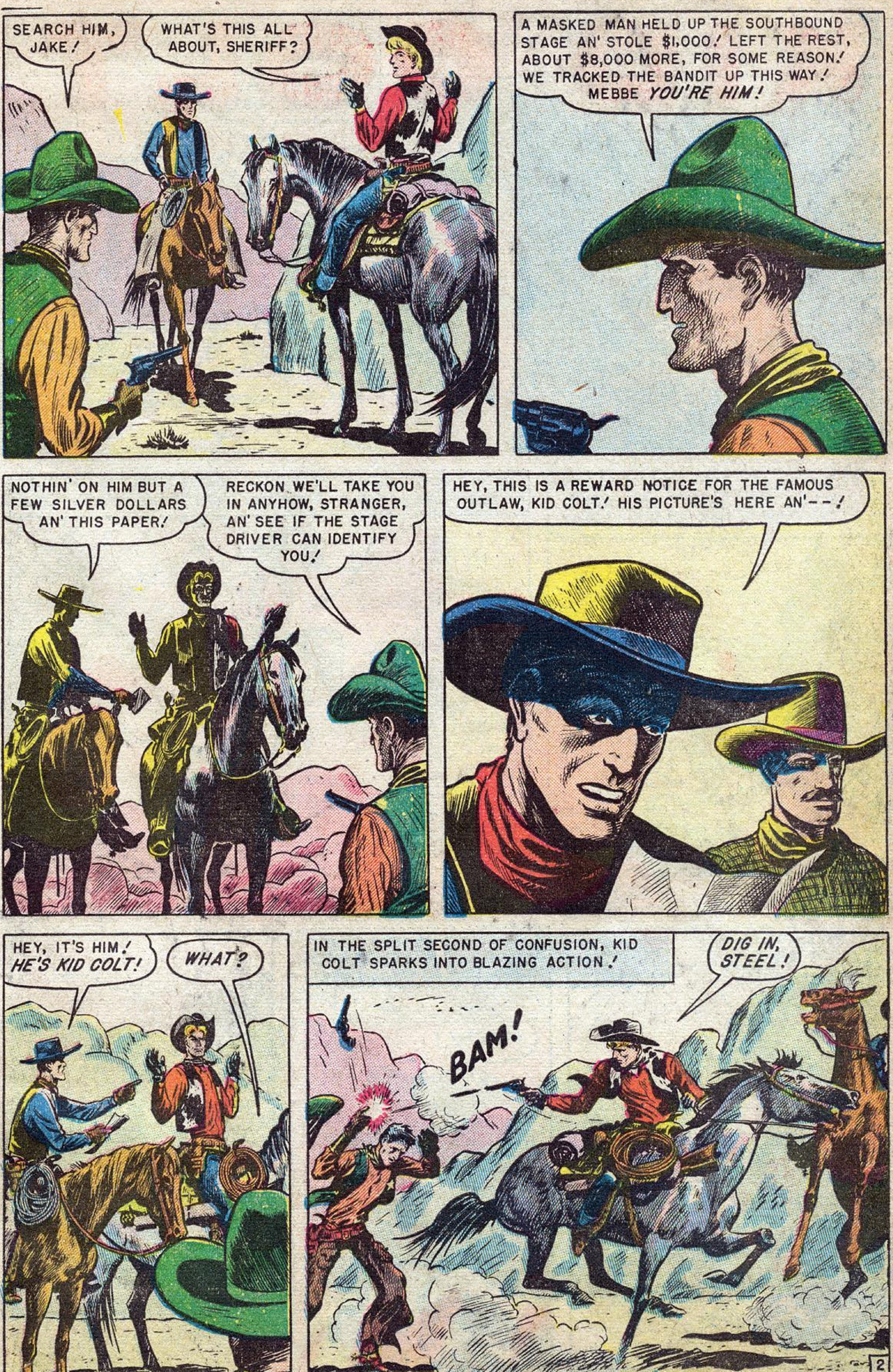

KID COLT
IN
"REWARD FOR DEATH!"
WITH
DANNY POMEROY
ASHER POMEROY
SHERIFF FOSTER
COMANCHE BRIGGS
AND
FEATURING
STEEL,
THE GREAT
STEELDUST STALLION
4572

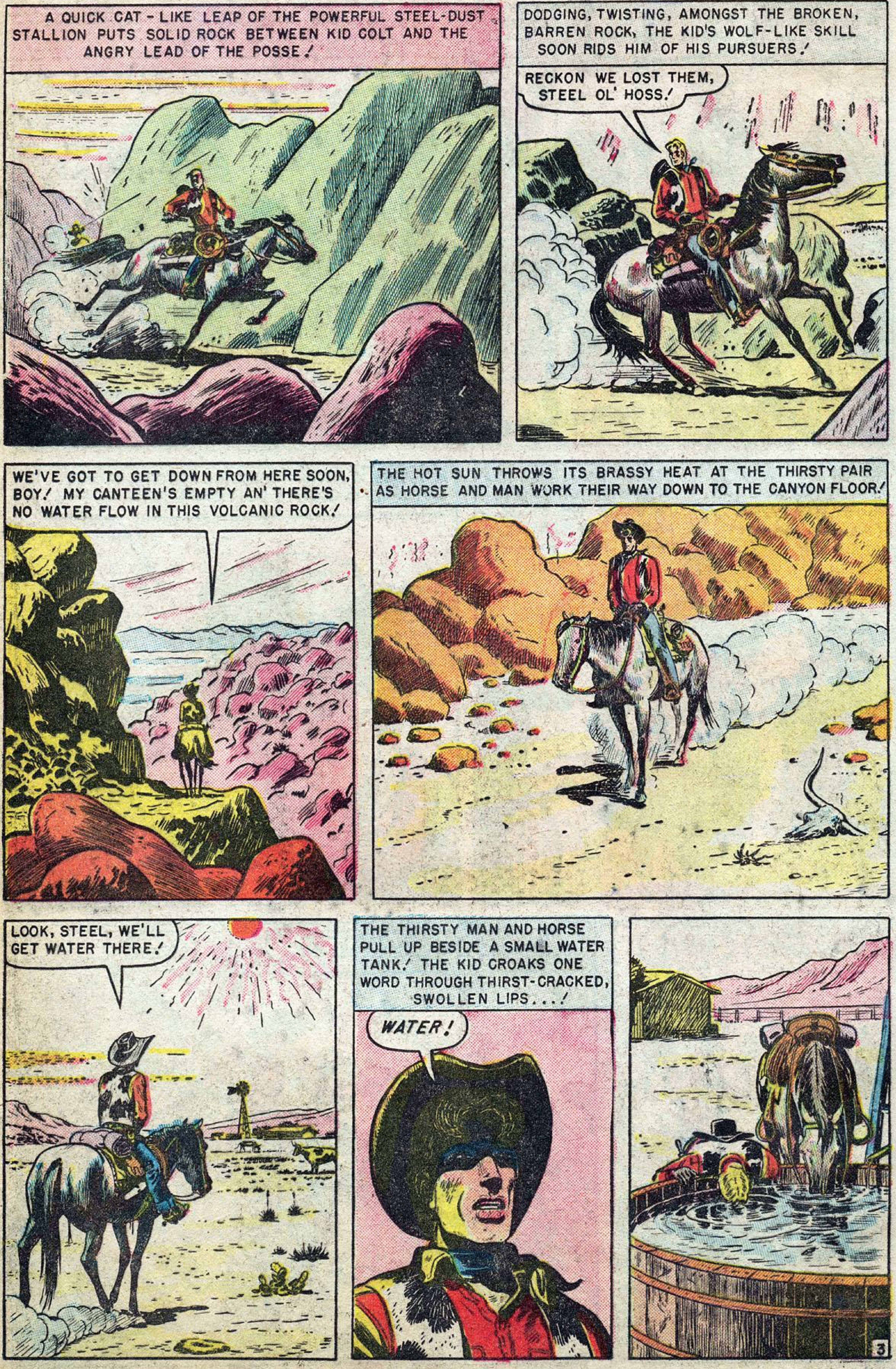

THIS PANHANDLE RANGE IS PRETTY DRY THIS TIME OF THE YEAR, EH, STEEL, OLD FELLER?

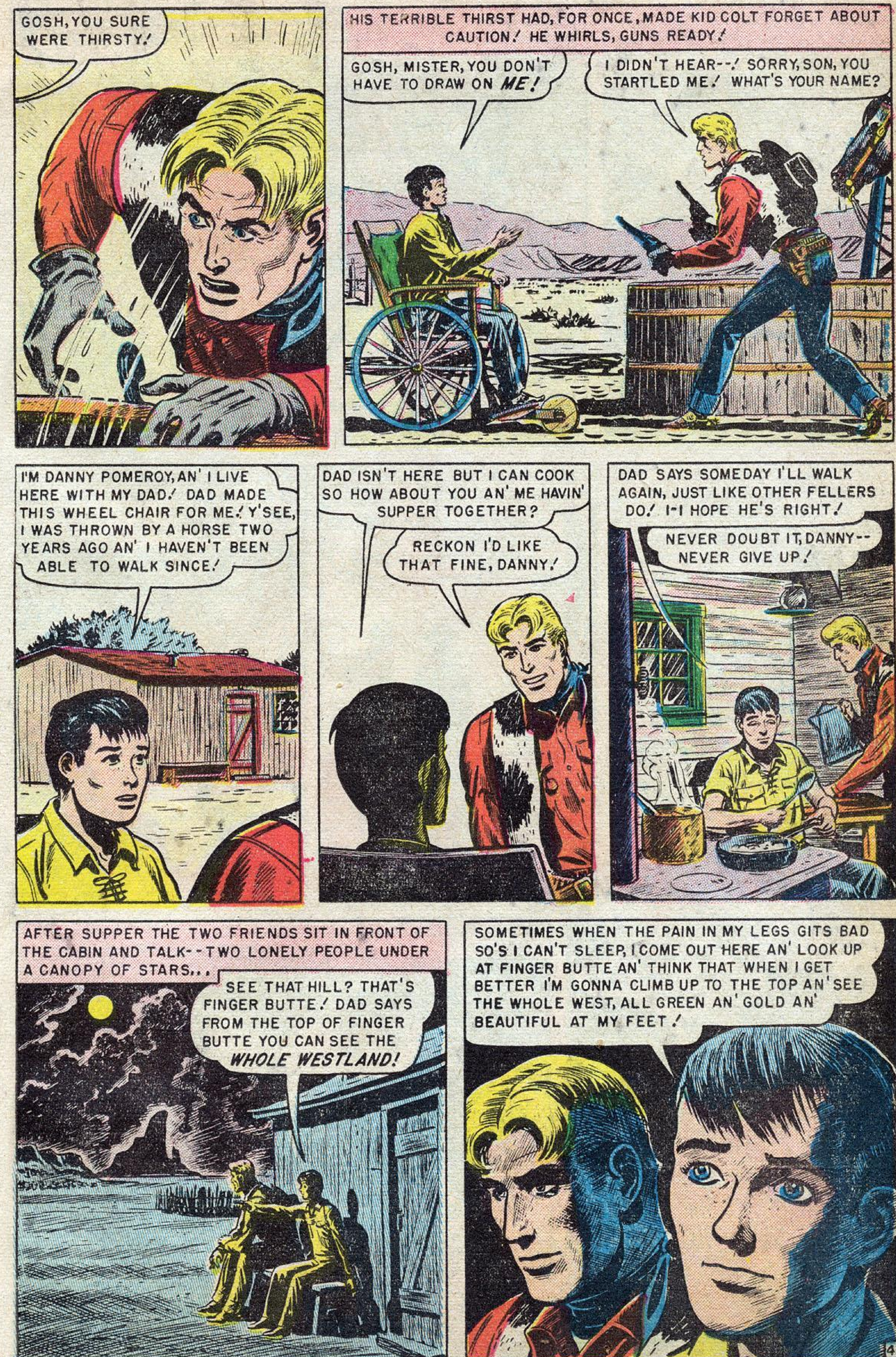

WATCH IT, MEN! THIS HOMBRE 'PEARS TO BE LEATHER-TOUGH!

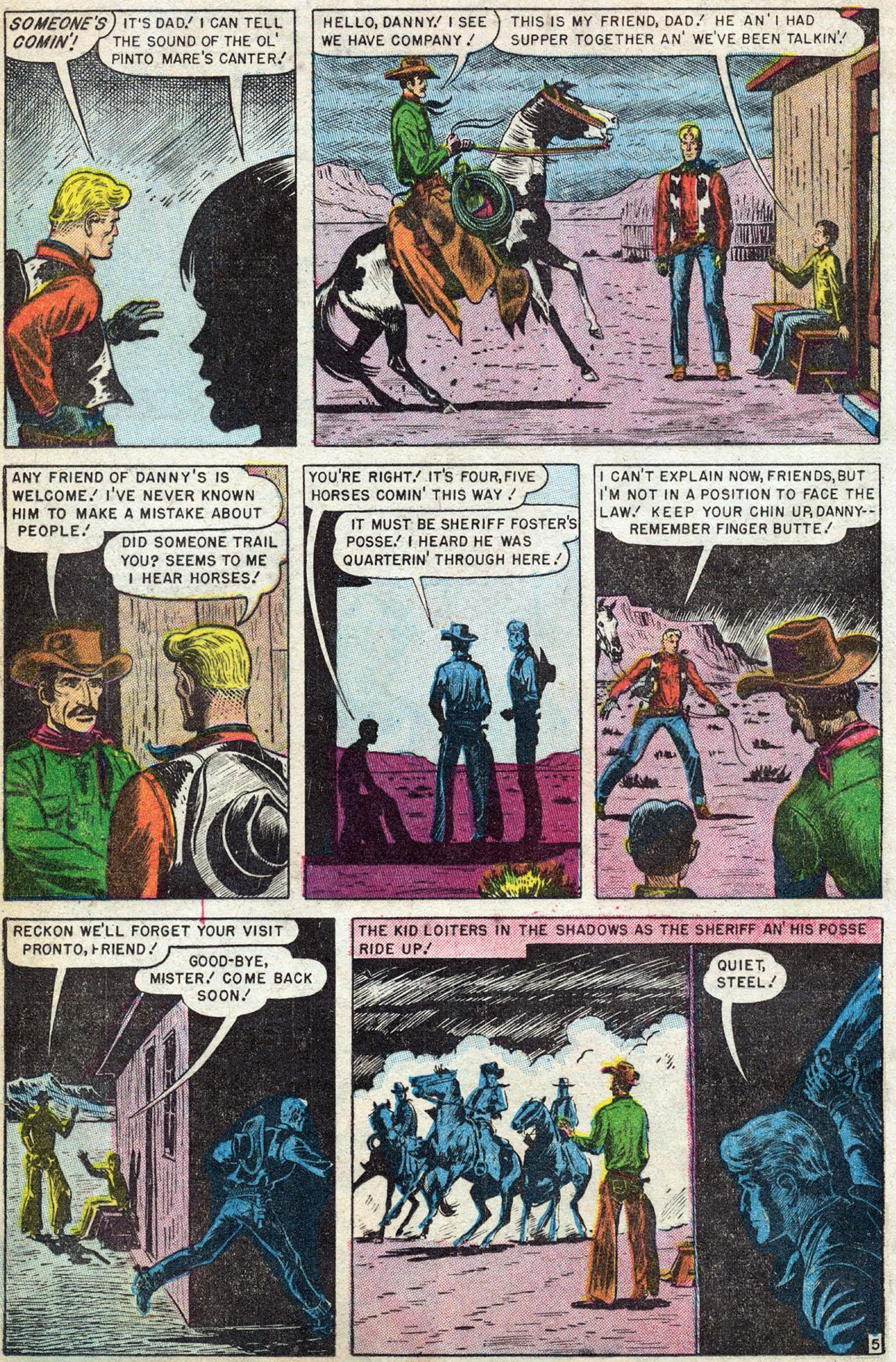

THE KID'S WOLF-LIKE SENSES, SHARPENED ON THE OWL-HOOT TRAIL, WARN HIM OF THE LURKING DANGER . . .
HOLD IT, STEEL! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING!

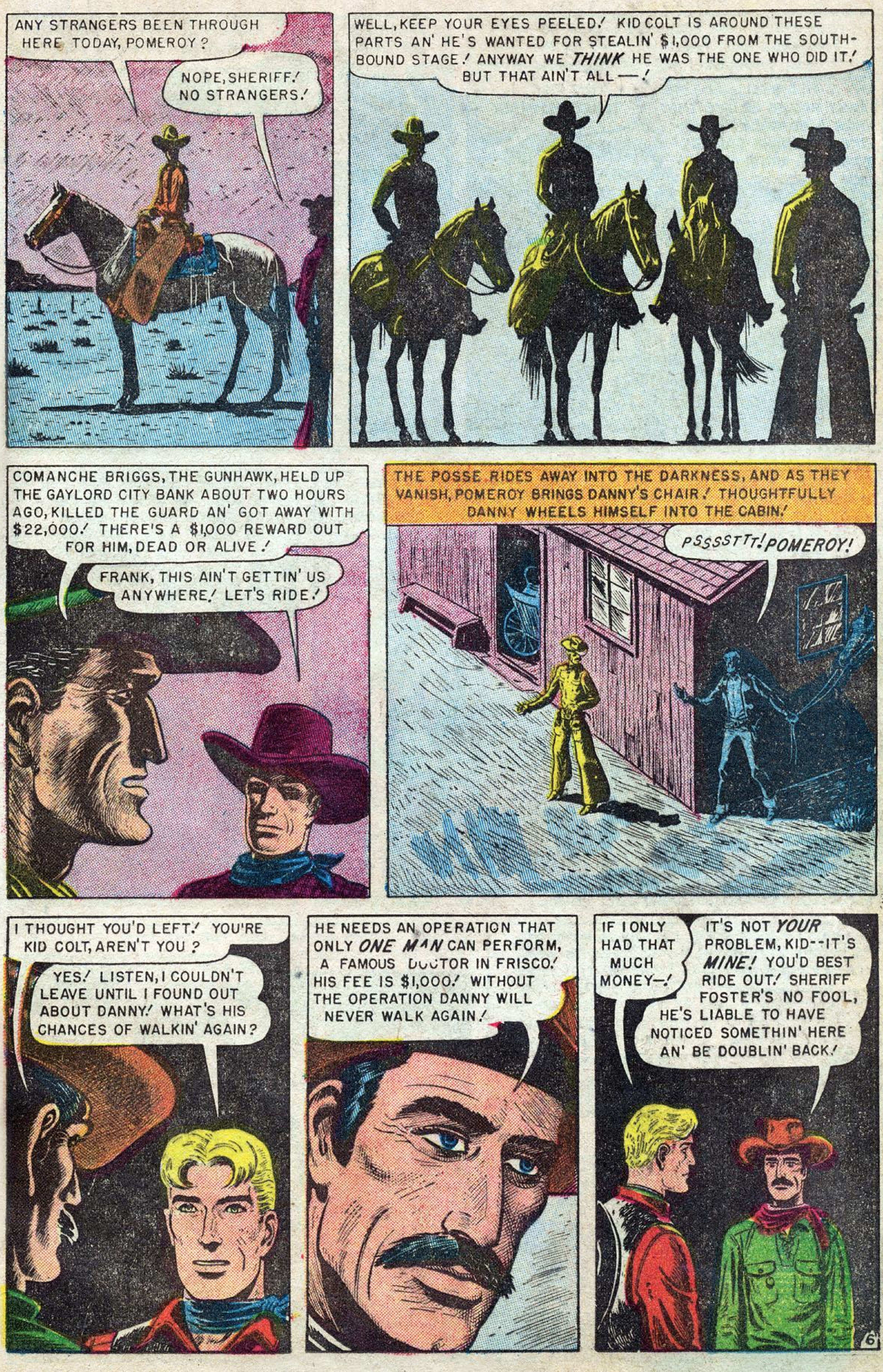

ALL RIGHT, MISTER! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!
1

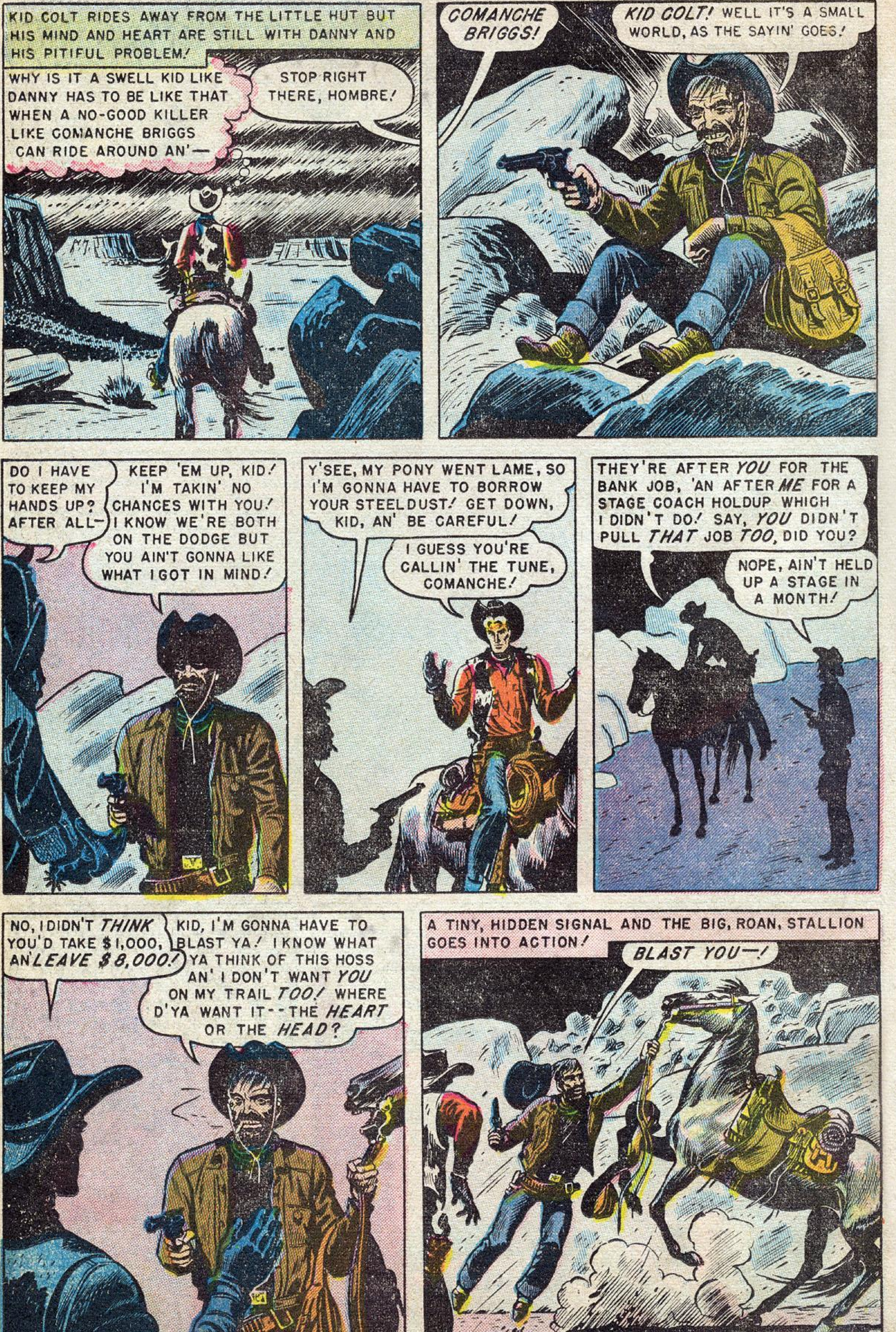

SEARCH HIM, JAKE!
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, SHERIFF?
A MASKED MAN HELD UP THE SOUTHBOUND STAGE AN' STOLE $1,000! LEFT THE REST, ABOUT $8,000 MORE, FOR SOME REASON! WE TRACKED THE BANDIT UP THIS WAY! MEBBE *YOU'RE HIM!*
NOTHIN' ON HIM BUT A FEW SILVER DOLLARS AN' THIS PAPER!
RECKON WE'LL TAKE YOU IN ANYHOW, STRANGER, AN' SEE IF THE STAGE DRIVER CAN IDENTIFY YOU!
HEY, THIS IS A REWARD NOTICE FOR THE FAMOUS OUTLAW, KID COLT! HIS PICTURE'S HERE AN'--!
HEY, IT'S HIM! *HE'S KID COLT!*
WHAT?
IN THE SPLIT SECOND OF CONFUSION, KID COLT SPARKS INTO BLAZING ACTION!
DIG IN, STEEL!
BAM!

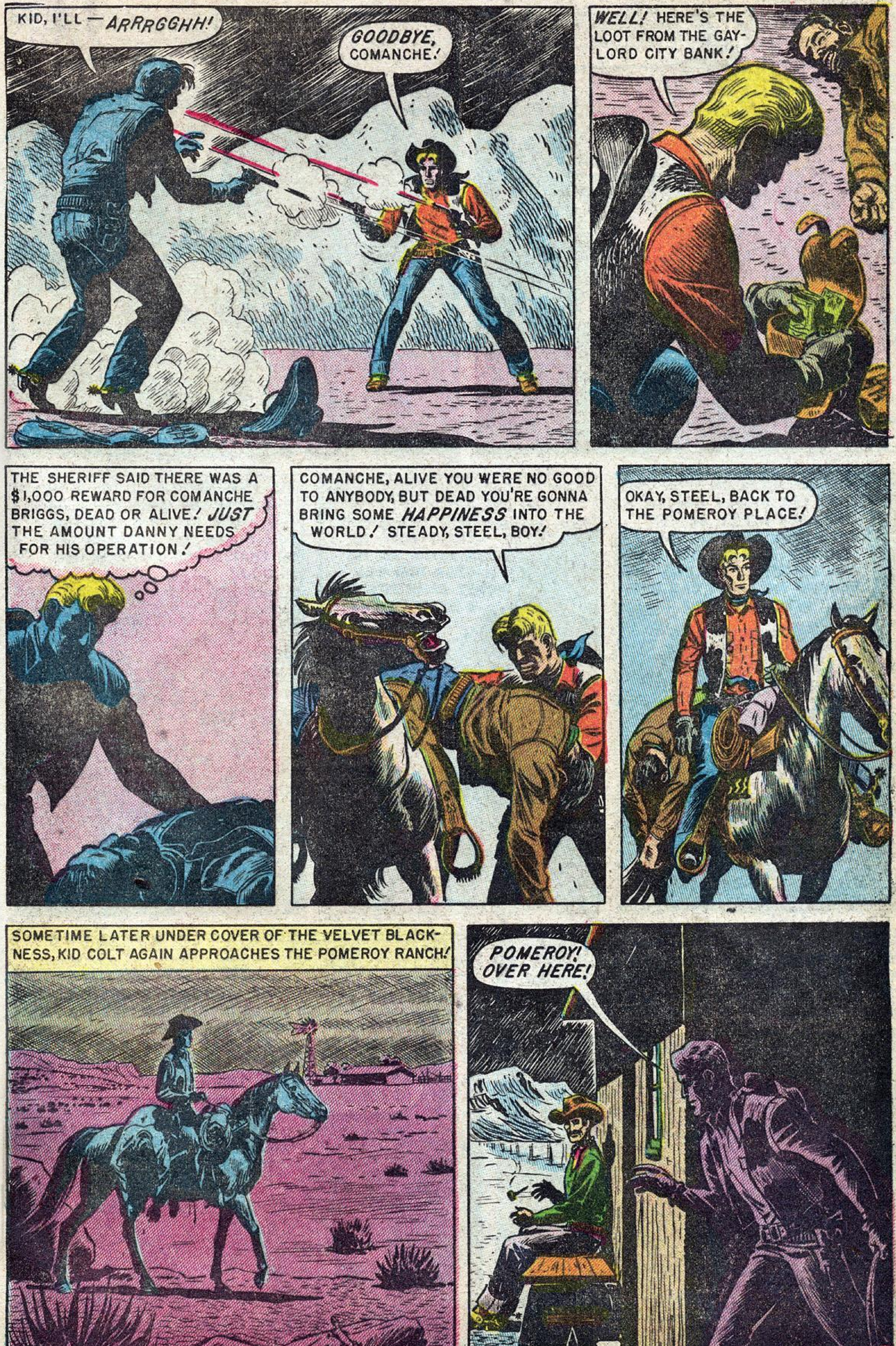

A QUICK CAT-LIKE LEAP OF THE POWERFUL STEEL-DUST STALLION PUTS SOLID ROCK BETWEEN KID COLT AND THE ANGRY LEAD OF THE POSSE!
DODGING, TWISTING, AMONGST THE BROKEN, BARREN ROCK, THE KID'S WOLF-LIKE SKILL SOON RIDS HIM OF HIS PURSUERS!
RECKON WE LOST THEM, STEEL OL' HOSS!
WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN FROM HERE SOON, BOY! MY CANTEEN'S EMPTY AN' THERE'S NO WATER FLOW IN THIS VOLCANIC ROCK!
THE HOT SUN THROWS ITS BRASSY HEAT AT THE THIRSTY PAIR AS HORSE AND MAN WORK THEIR WAY DOWN TO THE CANYON FLOOR!
LOOK, STEEL, WE'LL GET WATER THERE!
THE THIRSTY MAN AND HORSE PULL UP BESIDE A SMALL WATER TANK! THE KID CROAKS ONE WORD THROUGH THIRST-CRACKED, SWOLLEN LIPS...!
WATER!

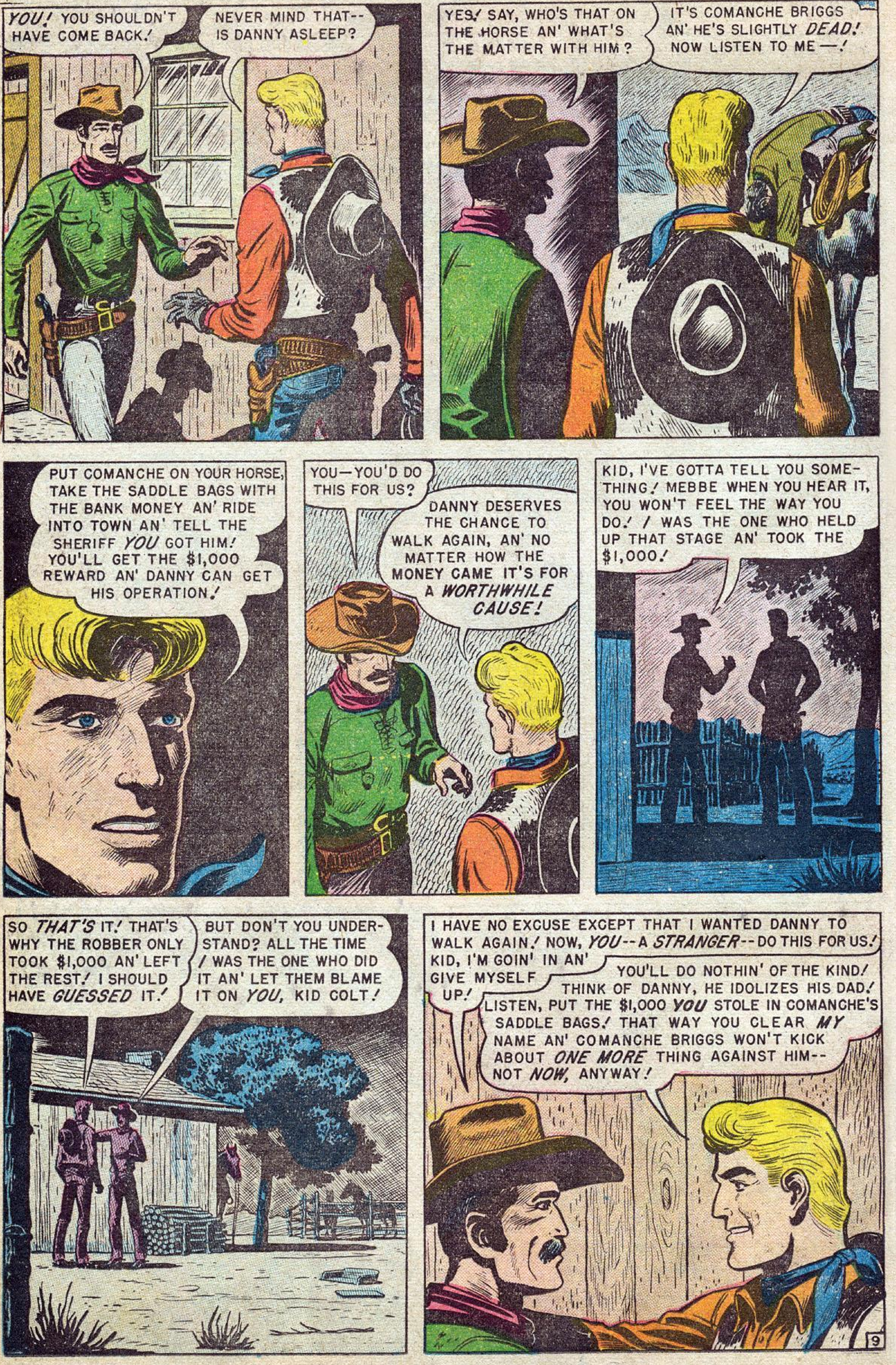

GOSH, YOU SURE WERE THIRSTY!
HIS TERRIBLE THIRST HAD, FOR ONCE, MADE KID COLT FORGET ABOUT CAUTION! HE WHIRLS, GUNS READY!
GOSH, MISTER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO DRAW ON *ME!*
I DIDN'T HEAR--! SORRY, SON, YOU STARTLED ME! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
I'M DANNY POMEROY, AN' I LIVE HERE WITH MY DAD! DAD MADE THIS WHEEL CHAIR FOR ME! Y'SEE, I WAS THROWN BY A HORSE TWO YEARS AGO AN' I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO WALK SINCE!
DAD ISN'T HERE BUT I CAN COOK SO HOW ABOUT YOU AN' ME HAVIN' SUPPER TOGETHER?
RECKON I'D LIKE THAT FINE, DANNY!
DAD SAYS SOMEDAY I'LL WALK AGAIN, JUST LIKE OTHER FELLERS DO! I-I HOPE HE'S RIGHT!
NEVER DOUBT IT, DANNY-- NEVER GIVE UP!
AFTER SUPPER THE TWO FRIENDS SIT IN FRONT OF THE CABIN AND TALK--TWO LONELY PEOPLE UNDER A CANOPY OF STARS..
SEE THAT HILL? THAT'S FINGER BUTTE! DAD SAYS FROM THE TOP OF FINGER BUTTE YOU CAN SEE THE *WHOLE WESTLAND!*
SOMETIMES WHEN THE PAIN IN MY LEGS GITS BAD SO'S I CAN'T SLEEP, I COME OUT HERE AN' LOOK UP AT FINGER BUTTE AN' THINK THAT WHEN I GET BETTER I'M GONNA CLIMB UP TO THE TOP AN' SEE THE WHOLE WEST, ALL GREEN AN' GOLD AN' BEAUTIFUL AT MY FEET!

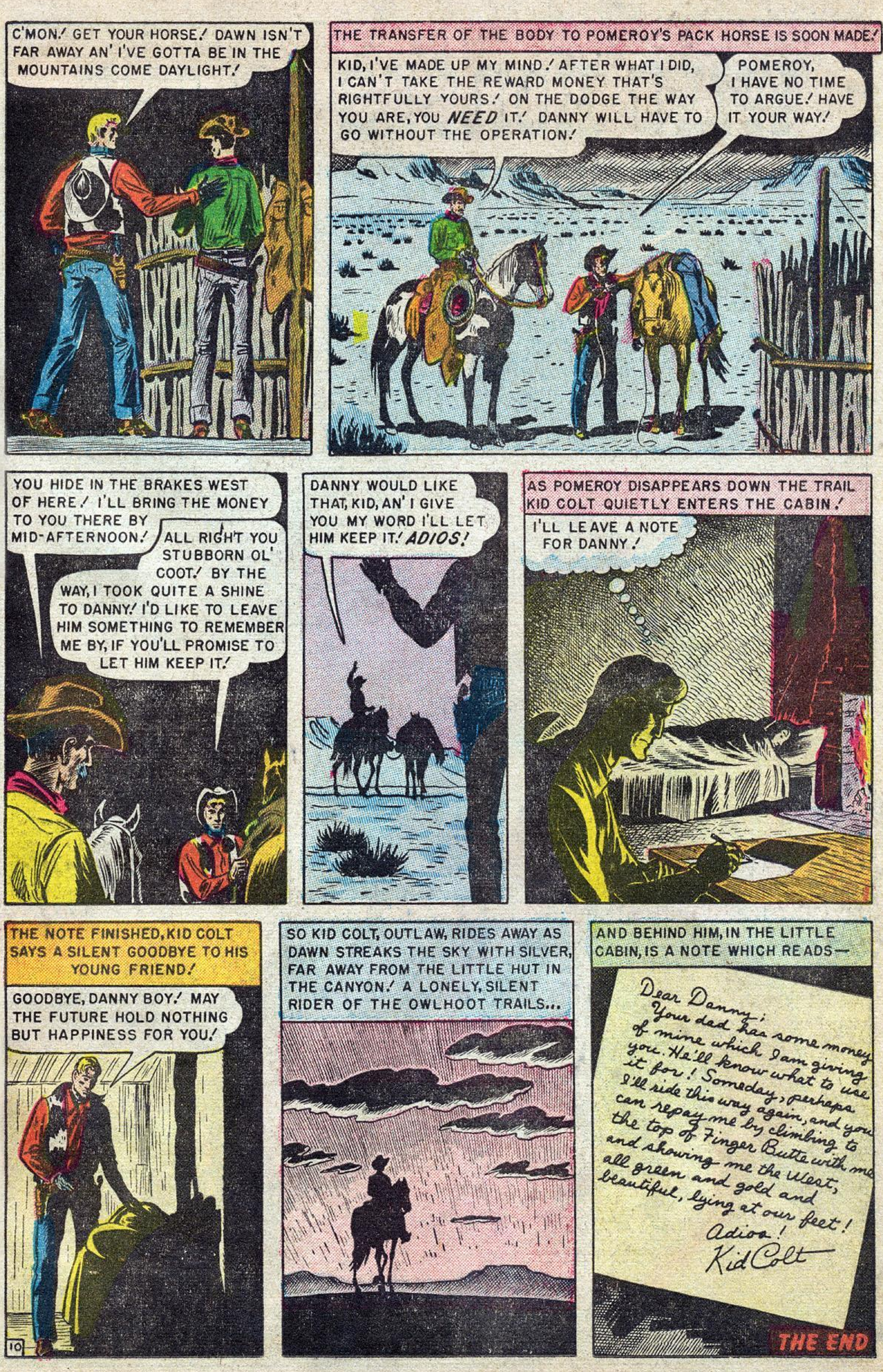

SOMEONE'S COMIN'!
IT'S DAD! I CAN TELL THE SOUND OF THE OL' PINTO MARE'S CANTER!
HELLO, DANNY! I SEE WE HAVE COMPANY!
THIS IS MY FRIEND, DAD! HE AN' I HAD SUPPER TOGETHER AN' WE'VE BEEN TALKIN'!
ANY FRIEND OF DANNY'S IS WELCOME! I'VE NEVER KNOWN HIM TO MAKE A MISTAKE ABOUT PEOPLE!
DID SOMEONE TRAIL YOU? SEEMS TO ME I HEAR HORSES!
YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S FOUR, FIVE HORSES COMIN' THIS WAY!
IT MUST BE SHERIFF FOSTER'S POSSE! I HEARD HE WAS QUARTERIN' THROUGH HERE!
I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW, FRIENDS, BUT I'M NOT IN A POSITION TO FACE THE LAW! KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, DANNY-- REMEMBER FINGER BUTTE!
RECKON WE'LL FORGET YOUR VISIT PRONTO, FRIEND!
GOOD-BYE, MISTER! COME BACK SOON!
THE KID LOITERS IN THE SHADOWS AS THE SHERIFF AN' HIS POSSE RIDE UP!
QUIET, STEEL!


ANY STRANGERS BEEN THROUGH HERE TODAY, POMEROY?
NOPE, SHERIFF! NO STRANGERS!
WELL, KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED! KID COLT IS AROUND THESE PARTS AN' HE'S WANTED FOR STEALIN' $1,000 FROM THE SOUTH-BOUND STAGE! ANYWAY WE *THINK* HE WAS THE ONE WHO DID IT! BUT THAT AIN'T ALL—!
COMANCHE BRIGGS, THE GUNHAWK, HELD UP THE GAYLORD CITY BANK ABOUT TWO HOURS AGO, KILLED THE GUARD AN' GOT AWAY WITH $22,000! THERE'S A $1,000 REWARD OUT FOR HIM, DEAD OR ALIVE!
FRANK, THIS AIN'T GETTIN' US ANYWHERE! LET'S RIDE!
THE POSSE RIDES AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS, AND AS THEY VANISH, POMEROY BRINGS DANNY'S CHAIR! THOUGHTFULLY DANNY WHEELS HIMSELF INTO THE CABIN!
PSSSSTTT! POMEROY!
I THOUGHT YOU'D LEFT! YOU'RE KID COLT, AREN'T YOU?
YES! LISTEN, I COULDN'T LEAVE UNTIL I FOUND OUT ABOUT DANNY! WHAT'S HIS CHANCES OF WALKIN' AGAIN?
HE NEEDS AN OPERATION THAT ONLY *ONE MAN* CAN PERFORM, A FAMOUS DOCTOR IN FRISCO! HIS FEE IS $1,000! WITHOUT THE OPERATION DANNY WILL NEVER WALK AGAIN!
IF I ONLY HAD THAT MUCH MONEY—!
IT'S NOT *YOUR* PROBLEM, KID--IT'S *MINE!* YOU'D BEST RIDE OUT! SHERIFF FOSTER'S NO FOOL, HE'S LIABLE TO HAVE NOTICED SOMETHIN' HERE AN' BE DOUBLIN' BACK!


KID COLT RIDES AWAY FROM THE LITTLE HUT BUT HIS MIND AND HEART ARE STILL WITH DANNY AND HIS PITIFUL PROBLEM!
WHY IS IT A SWELL KID LIKE DANNY HAS TO BE LIKE THAT WHEN A NO-GOOD KILLER LIKE COMANCHE BRIGGS CAN RIDE AROUND AN'—
STOP RIGHT THERE, HOMBRE!
COMANCHE BRIGGS!
KID COLT! WELL IT'S A SMALL WORLD, AS THE SAYIN' GOES!
DO I HAVE TO KEEP MY HANDS UP? AFTER ALL—
KEEP 'EM UP, KID! I'M TAKIN' NO CHANCES WITH YOU! I KNOW WE'RE BOTH ON THE DODGE BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA LIKE WHAT I GOT IN MIND!
Y'SEE, MY PONY WENT LAME, SO I'M GONNA HAVE TO BORROW YOUR STEELDUST! GET DOWN, KID, AN' BE CAREFUL!
I GUESS YOU'RE CALLIN' THE TUNE, COMANCHE!
THEY'RE AFTER *YOU* FOR THE BANK JOB, 'AN AFTER *ME* FOR A STAGE COACH HOLDUP WHICH I DIDN'T DO! SAY, *YOU* DIDN'T PULL *THAT* JOB *TOO*, DID YOU?
NOPE, AIN'T HELD UP A STAGE IN A MONTH!
NO, I DIDN'T *THINK* YOU'D TAKE $1,000, AN' *LEAVE $8,000!*
KID, I'M GONNA HAVE TO BLAST YA! I KNOW WHAT YA THINK OF THIS HOSS AN' I DON'T WANT *YOU* ON MY TRAIL *TOO!* WHERE D'YA WANT IT--THE *HEART* OR THE *HEAD*?
A TINY, HIDDEN SIGNAL AND THE BIG, ROAN, STALLION GOES INTO ACTION!
BLAST YOU—!

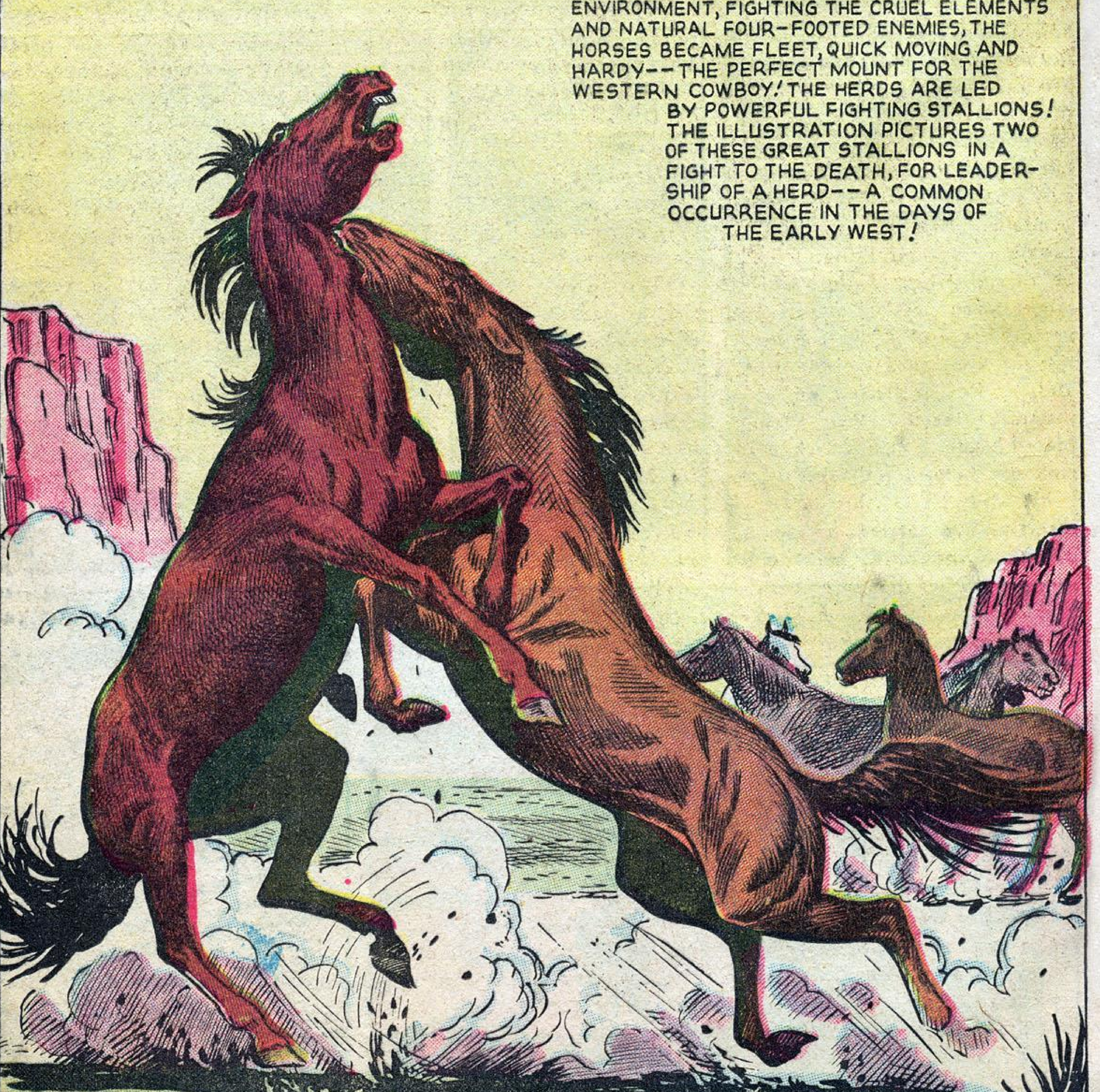

KID, I'LL — ARRRGGHH!
GOODBYE, COMANCHE!
WELL! HERE'S THE LOOT FROM THE GAYLORD CITY BANK!
THE SHERIFF SAID THERE WAS A $1,000 REWARD FOR COMANCHE BRIGGS, DEAD OR ALIVE! JUST THE AMOUNT DANNY NEEDS FOR HIS OPERATION!
COMANCHE, ALIVE YOU WERE NO GOOD TO ANYBODY, BUT DEAD YOU'RE GONNA BRING SOME HAPPINESS INTO THE WORLD! STEADY, STEEL, BOY!
OKAY, STEEL, BACK TO THE POMEROY PLACE!
SOMETIME LATER UNDER COVER OF THE VELVET BLACKNESS, KID COLT AGAIN APPROACHES THE POMEROY RANCH!
POMEROY! OVER HERE!


YOU! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK!
NEVER MIND THAT-- IS DANNY ASLEEP?
YES! SAY, WHO'S THAT ON THE HORSE AN' WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?
IT'S COMANCHE BRIGGS AN' HE'S SLIGHTLY DEAD! NOW LISTEN TO ME—!
PUT COMANCHE ON YOUR HORSE, TAKE THE SADDLE BAGS WITH THE BANK MONEY AN' RIDE INTO TOWN AN' TELL THE SHERIFF YOU GOT HIM! YOU'LL GET THE $1,000 REWARD AN' DANNY CAN GET HIS OPERATION!
YOU—YOU'D DO THIS FOR US?
DANNY DESERVES THE CHANCE TO WALK AGAIN, AN' NO MATTER HOW THE MONEY CAME IT'S FOR A WORTHWHILE CAUSE!
KID, I'VE GOTTA TELL YOU SOMETHING! MEBBE WHEN YOU HEAR IT, YOU WON'T FEEL THE WAY YOU DO! I WAS THE ONE WHO HELD UP THAT STAGE AN' TOOK THE $1,000!
SO THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHY THE ROBBER ONLY TOOK $1,000 AN' LEFT THE REST! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED IT!
BUT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? ALL THE TIME I WAS THE ONE WHO DID IT AN' LET THEM BLAME IT ON YOU, KID COLT!
I HAVE NO EXCUSE EXCEPT THAT I WANTED DANNY TO WALK AGAIN! NOW, YOU--A STRANGER--DO THIS FOR US! KID, I'M GOIN' IN AN' GIVE MYSELF UP!
YOU'LL DO NOTHIN' OF THE KIND! THINK OF DANNY, HE IDOLIZES HIS DAD! LISTEN, PUT THE $1,000 YOU STOLE IN COMANCHE'S SADDLE BAGS! THAT WAY YOU CLEAR MY NAME AN' COMANCHE BRIGGS WON'T KICK ABOUT ONE MORE THING AGAINST HIM-- NOT NOW, ANYWAY!


C'MON! GET YOUR HORSE! DAWN ISN'T FAR AWAY AN' I'VE GOTTA BE IN THE MOUNTAINS COME DAYLIGHT!
THE TRANSFER OF THE BODY TO POMEROY'S PACK HORSE IS SOON MADE!
KID, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND! AFTER WHAT I DID, I CAN'T TAKE THE REWARD MONEY THAT'S RIGHTFULLY YOURS! ON THE DODGE THE WAY YOU ARE, YOU NEED IT! DANNY WILL HAVE TO GO WITHOUT THE OPERATION!
POMEROY, I HAVE NO TIME TO ARGUE! HAVE IT YOUR WAY!
YOU HIDE IN THE BRAKES WEST OF HERE! I'LL BRING THE MONEY TO YOU THERE BY MID-AFTERNOON!
ALL RIGHT YOU STUBBORN OL' COOT! BY THE WAY, I TOOK QUITE A SHINE TO DANNY! I'D LIKE TO LEAVE HIM SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY, IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO LET HIM KEEP IT!
DANNY WOULD LIKE THAT, KID, AN' I GIVE YOU MY WORD I'LL LET HIM KEEP IT! ADIOS!
AS POMEROY DISAPPEARS DOWN THE TRAIL KID COLT QUIETLY ENTERS THE CABIN!
I'LL LEAVE A NOTE FOR DANNY!
THE NOTE FINISHED, KID COLT SAYS A SILENT GOODBYE TO HIS YOUNG FRIEND!
GOODBYE, DANNY BOY! MAY THE FUTURE HOLD NOTHING BUT HAPPINESS FOR YOU!
SO KID COLT, OUTLAW, RIDES AWAY AS DAWN STREAKS THE SKY WITH SILVER, FAR AWAY FROM THE LITTLE HUT IN THE CANYON! A LONELY, SILENT RIDER OF THE OWLHOOT TRAILS...
AND BEHIND HIM, IN THE LITTLE CABIN, IS A NOTE WHICH READS—
Dear Danny:
Your dad has some money
of mine which I am giving
you. He'll know what to use
it for! Someday, perhaps
I'll ride this way again, and you
can repay me by climbing to
the top of Finger Butte with me
and showing me the West,
all green and gold and
beautiful, lying at our feet!
Adios!
Kid Colt
THE END

WILD HORSES OF THE WESTERN PLAINS

THE TOUGH LITTLE, WILD CAYUSES OF THE PRAIRIES ARE THE DIRECT DESCENDANTS OF THE FINE HORSES OF CORTEZ AND HIS SOLDIERS! THE HORSE IS NOT NATIVE TO THE AMERICAN SCENE! WHEN CORTEZ AND HIS CONQUERING LEGIONS MARCHED AGAINST THE AZTECS, HE BROUGHT WITH HIM FROM SPAIN HORSES OF FINE ARAB, BARB, AND ANDALUSIAN BREEDING! THESE WERE THE FIRST OF THE EQUINE SPECIES SEEN IN THE NEW WORLD! DURING THE COURSE OF THE SPANISH CONQUISTADOR'S BATTLES MANY OF THESE FINE ANIMALS ESCAPED TO THE FREEDOM OF THE OPEN RANGE! OVER THE YEARS THEY INCREASED IN NUMBERS UNTIL VAST HERDS ROAMED THE WESTERN PLAINS! IN THEIR NEW ENVIRONMENT, FIGHTING THE CRUEL ELEMENTS AND NATURAL FOUR-FOOTED ENEMIES, THE HORSES BECAME FLEET, QUICK MOVING AND HARDY--THE PERFECT MOUNT FOR THE WESTERN COWBOY! THE HERDS ARE LED BY POWERFUL FIGHTING STALLIONS! THE ILLUSTRATION PICTURES TWO OF THESE GREAT STALLIONS IN A FIGHT TO THE DEATH, FOR LEADERSHIP OF A HERD--A COMMON OCCURRENCE IN THE DAYS OF THE EARLY WEST!



TRAIL DRIVE

AT TURTLE CREEK on the Guadulupe, Pop Shipsten's pony stepped into a badger hole, fell on Pop's leg and broke it. After the bone had been set, Pop called his son Roy to his side, and placed on the boy's young shoulders the responsibility for trail-bossing the Flying A herd into the railhead. Then he bade him gruffly to get going.

Roy swung aboard his cayuse and pounded off, the full significance of the job ahead closing around him like a rawhide thong drying in the sun. The drive ahead wasn't a long one, but the Flying A herd was unruly and the cow hands undependable. Bob Ebbets, Sunny Spraig, and Sam Bullet would be all right; Red Willy Rawlins might even fall in with this group. He was a top cowman, but in the past troublesome, and, as Roy suspected, he was instantly resentful of being placed under "a maverick that isn't dry behind the ears!"

He didn't say this to Roy directly, but carried his sentiments to the outfit with such dire prophecies that three hands quit the first day out of Turtle Creek, leaving Roy short-handed.

After that trouble kept rising like a thunderhead.

The men grumbled. The chuck wagon broke down. Strays kept wandering off into the brush, and much precious time was lost getting them back to the herd. Roy drove himself hard, barely stopping to eat, but everything he planned or ordered turned out wrong. And behind it all was Red Willy Rawlins, snorting contemptuously at his efforts.

"I tole your Pop yuh should grow a little more before he let yuh ramrod this outfit," jeered Red Willy.

Roy clamped his lips tight and kept silent. He couldn't afford to fire Red; it was tough enough to get along with the few men he had. But he had an inspiration. He had made Sunny Spraig trail driver because Pop Shipsten had always favored Sunny over the other riders. Now he proposed to make a change. It was in the interests of the Flying A, and he felt sure Sunny would understand.

"If you're so all-fired good," he said to Red Willy, "take over as trail driver and let Sunny ride your end."

Then he cantered away without a backward glance. Red Willy looked after him, suspicion and puzzlement on his features.

Sunny accepted the change with poor grace and spat out a determination to have a showdown with Roy, but that chance didn't come until the next morning.

The herd bedded down that night on the San Marcus river. Fatigue rolled over Roy, washing out for a while the problems that constantly harassed him, and he hit the ground like a log, head on saddle, as soon as he had cared for his pony.

Angry thunder roaring overhead woke him at midnight. Lightning made brief, bright patterns in the sky, and in their momentary light Roy could see the cattle moving restlessly. They seemed more on edge than an approaching storm should make them so Roy saddled a fresh pony from his string and joined the night riders. He rode around the rim of the big herd, wondering what the steers sensed that made them nervous.

Halfway around, the rain came, pouring down in a blinding deluge. The wind rose and drove the raindrops like tiny spears against Roy's face. His pony reared suddenly, and above the whistle of the wind Roy thought he heard gunshots. Thunder, rumbling and breaking with a mighty crash, followed immediately, and Roy dismissed the thought impatiently. Except for the rifle in the chuck wagon, there were no guns in his camp, not even side arms; they belonged to an era of the west long past.

In the first few minutes of the downpour, Roy had lost sight of the herd when he turned his horse's rump to the wind until his ever present slicker was untied from back of the saddle and placed around his shoulders. Now he turned back, straining his eyes against the blackness and the rain, waiting for another lightning flash to reveal the position of the cattle.

Roy heard them first, a vague rumble of many trampling feet melting into the sound of the storm. The rumble swelled to a steady pounding that shook the earth and rose even above the violence of the wind. He saw them then, indistinct black masses racing blindly toward him, spurred on by some nameless fear.

Stampede!

He wheeled his pony to get out of the way, but in the darkness there was no way of knowing whether a turn to the right or left might not cut him squarely across the path of the semi-crazed animals. When lightning struck again, he saw he was well to the right of the stampede, but scarcely ahead of it. Far to the left the San Marcus river had cut a gorge through the earth, and Roy decided on a desperate move. With the running steers only vague blobs in the night, he could never hope to turn the leaders around to mill back as he would ordinarily have done, but there was a chance he could force them over to the gorge. A few would plunge over, would break their legs or necks, but the stampede would halt, for cattle, unlike sheep, will not jump blindly to destruction.

Roy went to work, swinging his quirt against the wet sides of the racing leaders. They bellowed loudly, but edged over, with Roy continuously pressing them further. They reached the gorge, and with their uncanny sense of danger, dug their hoofs into the muddy ground. Roy was in the heart of the stampede now, and a heavy beef shoulder caught his pony on the flank. The gallant animal stumbled, tried to keep his footing, then went down. Roy felt himself leave the saddle, then he struck the ground heavily and blacked out.

It was noon the next day, and the Flying A hands were grouped around the chuck wagon. Roy, suffering from nothing worse than a bump on the head, was talking to Sunny Spraig.

"I investigated to see what made the cattle so nervous last night," he said. "Somebody slaughtered a calf, and you know what fresh blood does to a herd." He tossed a hunting knife over to Sunny. It had dry black stains on it. "I found this in your wagon, Sunny. Why'd you do it?"

Sunny caught the knife carelessly and laughed. "So what? I haven't used that since we butchered a beef last week."

"Your sorrel pony was still lathered this morning," Roy pointed out. "Yet you claim you haven't used the roan since yesterday. How come? Did you use the sorrel to get the stampede going?"

The eyes of the cow hands fixed curiously on Sunny. His face paled, and with a quick movement he drew a pistol from his waistband. "All right, so yuh found out!" he snapped. "What's it gonna get yuh? Sure, I wanted to make yuh look bad 'cause I figgered if yuh failed, yore old man would give me the ramrod's job. Now I'm gettin' out, and don't try to stop me!"

He backed cautiously toward his pony and raised a foot to the stirrup. In that instant Red Willy's arm flicked out, and the lariat he had been toying with shot snakelike to settle over Sunny Spraig's shoulders. Red Willy yanked hard. Sunny lost his pistol and flopped to the ground.

Red Willy grinned at Roy. "After turnin' those cattle last night and the way yuh figgered things out today, I reckon it's only right we back yore play, Roy. What'll we do with this skunk?"

Roy looked around at a circle of approving faces and grinned back. "Use your own judgment. It seems to be pretty good."

He mounted his cayuse and rode off to get the drive started again, but not so quickly that he didn't hear Red Willy tell Sunny he was to follow in the dust of the herd until they reached the railhead. "And on foot!" Red concluded with emphasis.

Roy grinned again. It looked like things were going to be all right!

THE END SL—4217

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of All Western Winners published Quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1948.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert Solomon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the All Western Winners and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Current Detective Stories, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1 N. Y.; Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Business Manager, Robert Solomon, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1 N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Current Detective Stories, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1. N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1. N. Y.; Jerome A. Perles, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Morris Siegel, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is . . . . (This information is required from daily weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) ROBERT SOLOMON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1948.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.
(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

MARVEL
COMIC GROUP

a letter to our readers and their PARENTS!

HI, FRIENDS:

It has been reliably reported that in England, back in the 18th Century, book stores were called "slop shops of literature," simply because they sold novels. And that was the century in which some of our greatest classics were written; the century of Dafoe, who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and Swift and his *Gulliver's Travels*. It was also the century of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the brightest stars in the history of English literature. And it was Dr. Johnson who most vociferously defended the right of booksellers to sell the new, much abused novels and the right of authors to express themselves in this medium if they desired.

But what Dr. Johnson defended most enthusiastically was the right of the public to *read what they wanted to read*. And what we are defending is the right of youngsters to read whichever they like of the many, many good, clean comics currently being published.

Just as the critics of the 18th Century rapped the books which are now classics, in the same way there are critics of today, screaming and tearing out their hair, because a new kind of magazine, still in its infancy, is not to their liking. And as in the case of the novel, it is still too early for any man to pass judgment on the comics.

Let these critics of today look to their history. Let them decide if they want to be remembered as the 20th Century counterpart of the people who called Robinson Crusoe "slop".

And let the people of America decide if they want to be swayed by critics exercising premature judgment . . . or if they want to wait and watch, and soon realize that most comic magazines are really good, clean, healthful and entertaining reading matter.

THE EDITORS,
MARVEL COMIC GROUP

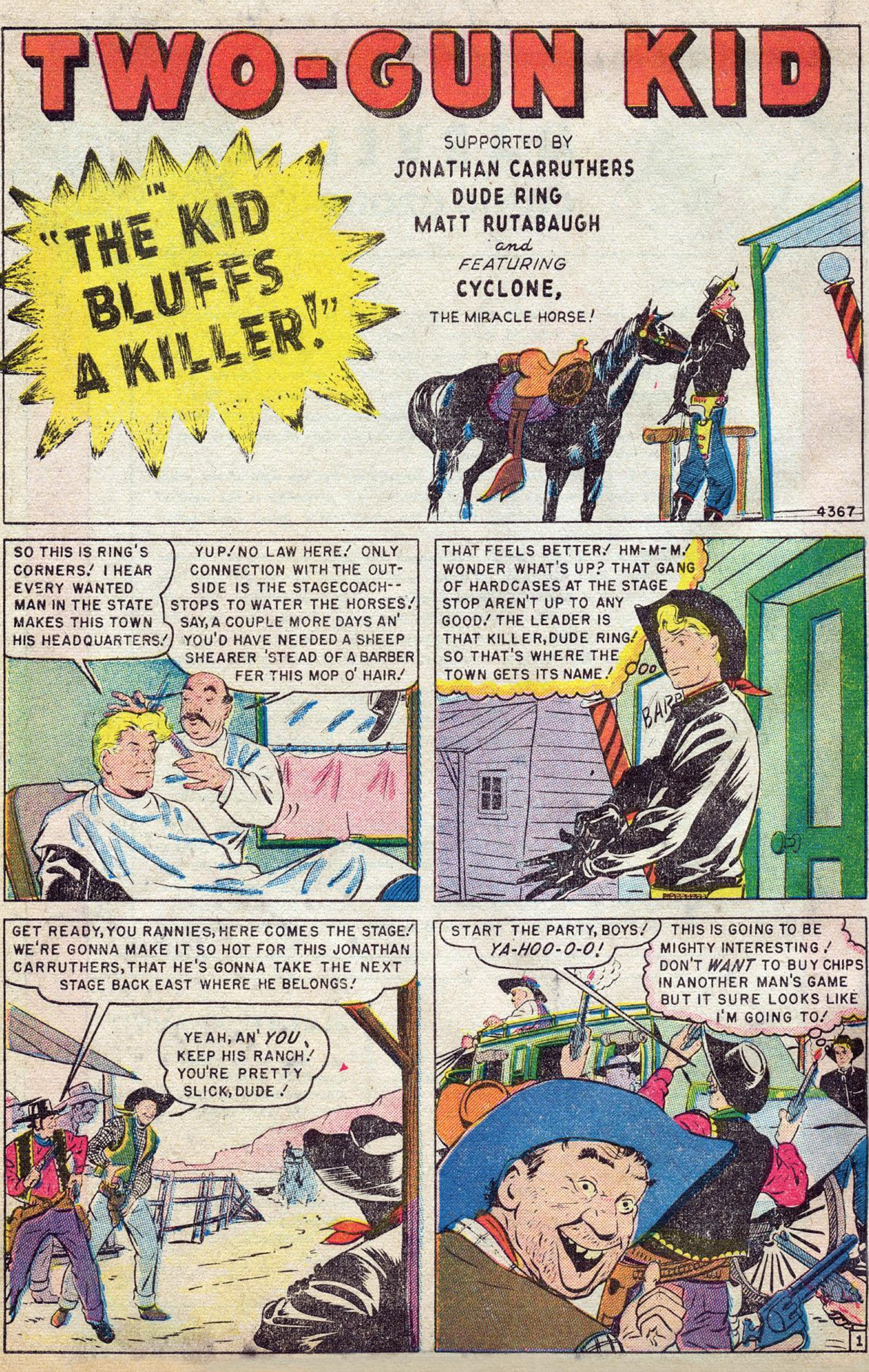
P. S.—Remember: Dr. Jean Thompson, School Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau, New York City Board of Education, is now our Editorial Consultant. Dr. Thompson's professional examination of our magazines, as advisor to our staff, (see Page 1) is your guarantee that the Marvel Comic Group magazines are striving to bring you the very best in reading matter . . . and it is also your best argument that no one should ever take away your right to read these magazines.

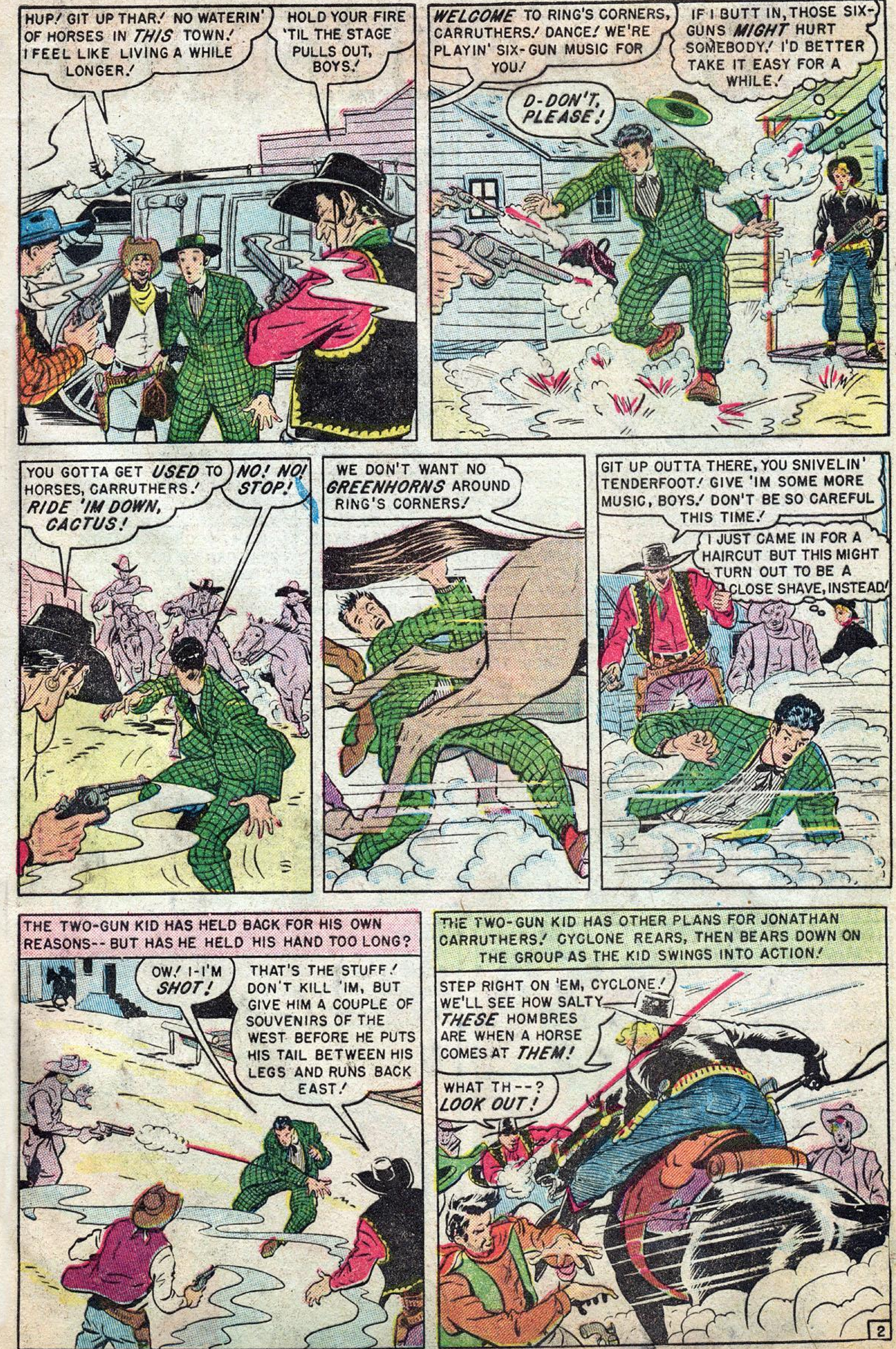
RED UNIT

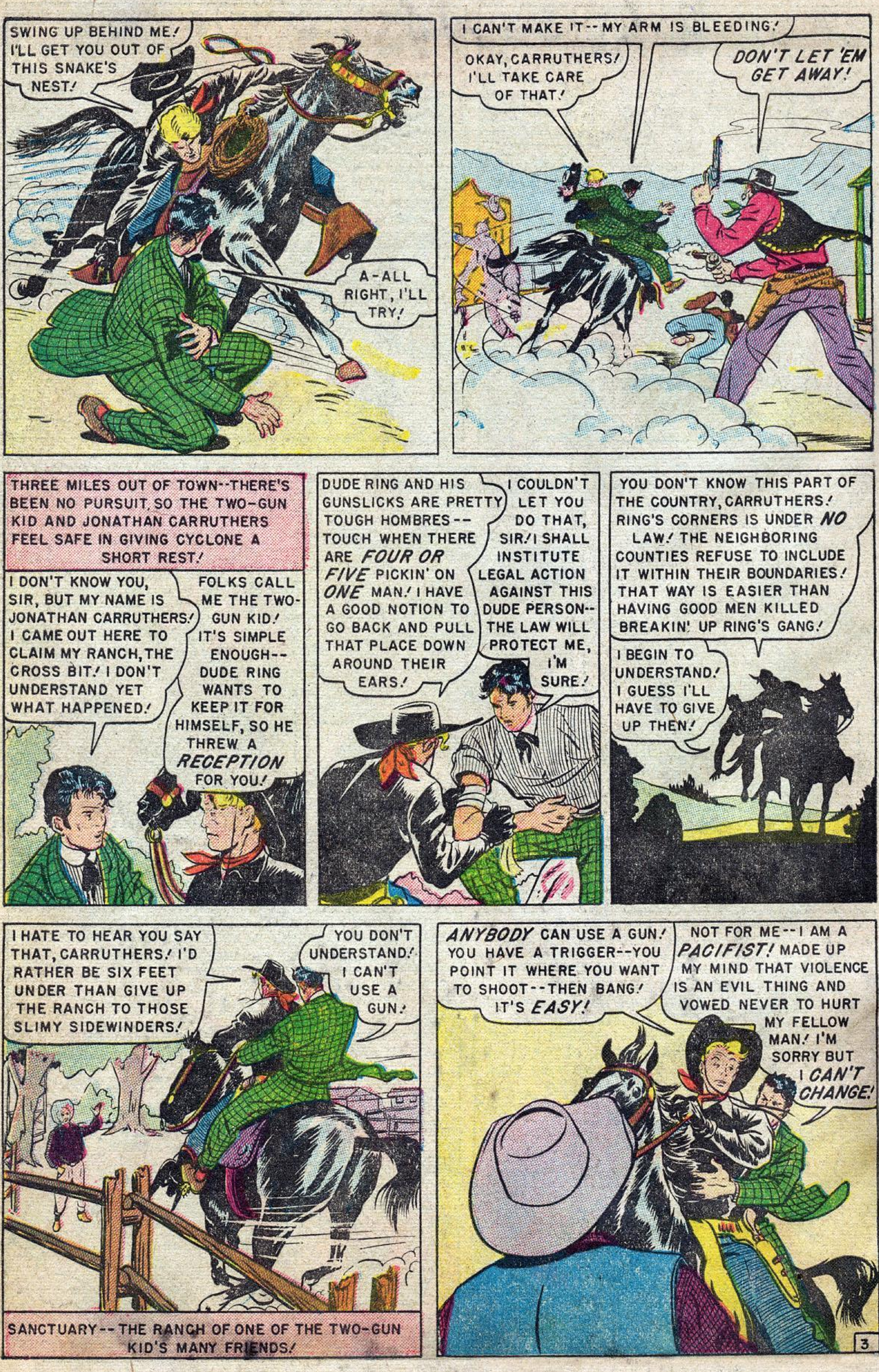
ALL WESTERN WINNERS
BLAZE CARSON
BLONDE PHANTOM
CAPTAIN AMERICA
CINDY
COMEDY COMICS
GEORGIE AND JUDY
HEDY DeVINE
HUMAN TORCH
JEANIE
JOKER COMICS
KID COLT
LANA
MARGIE
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS
MILLIE THE MODEL
NELLIE THE NURSE
PATSY WALKER
SUB MARINER
TEEN COMICS
TESSIE THE TYPIST
TEX MORGAN
TEX TAYLOR
TWO GUN KID
WILD WESTERN
WILLIE

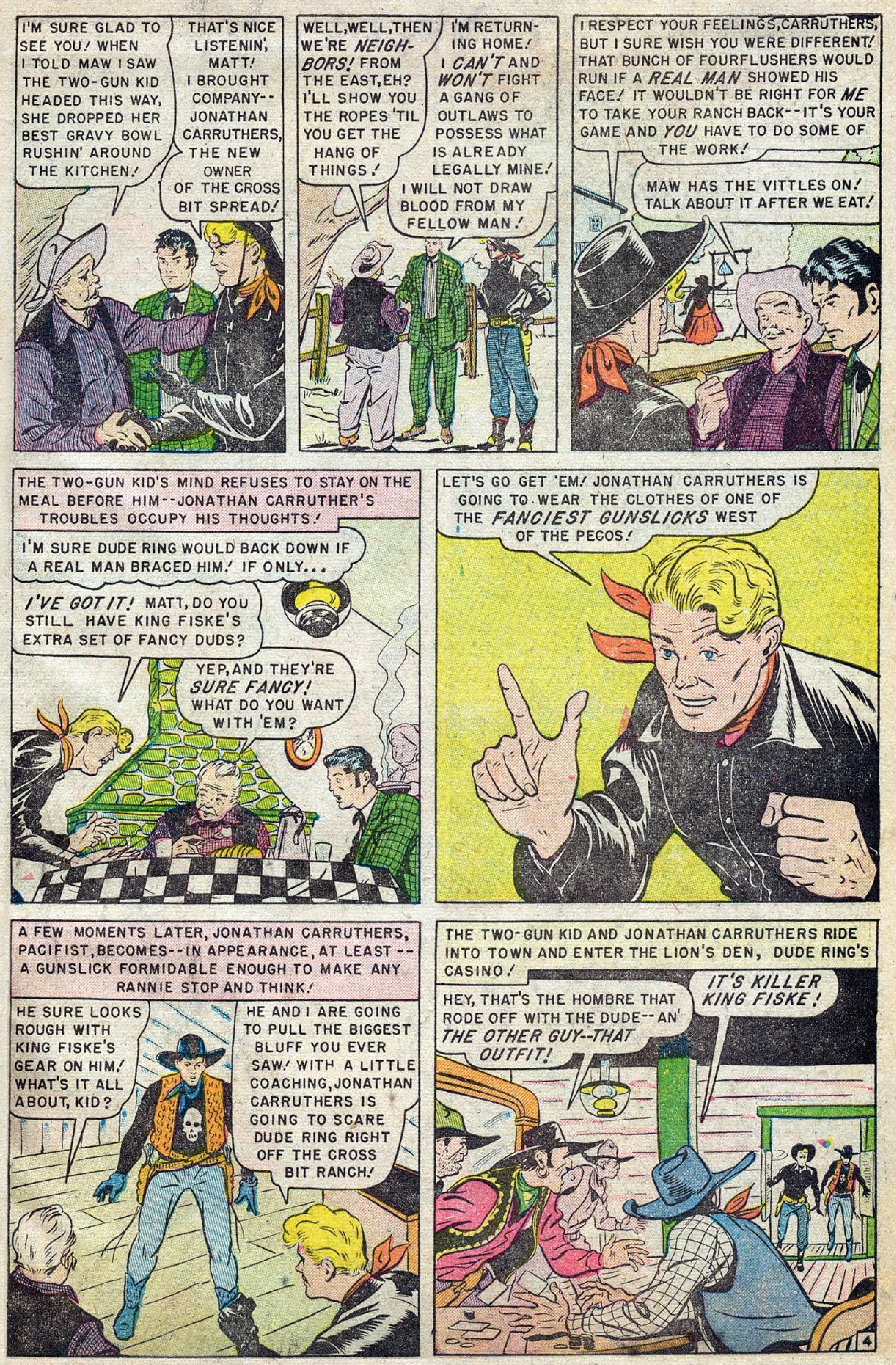
BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

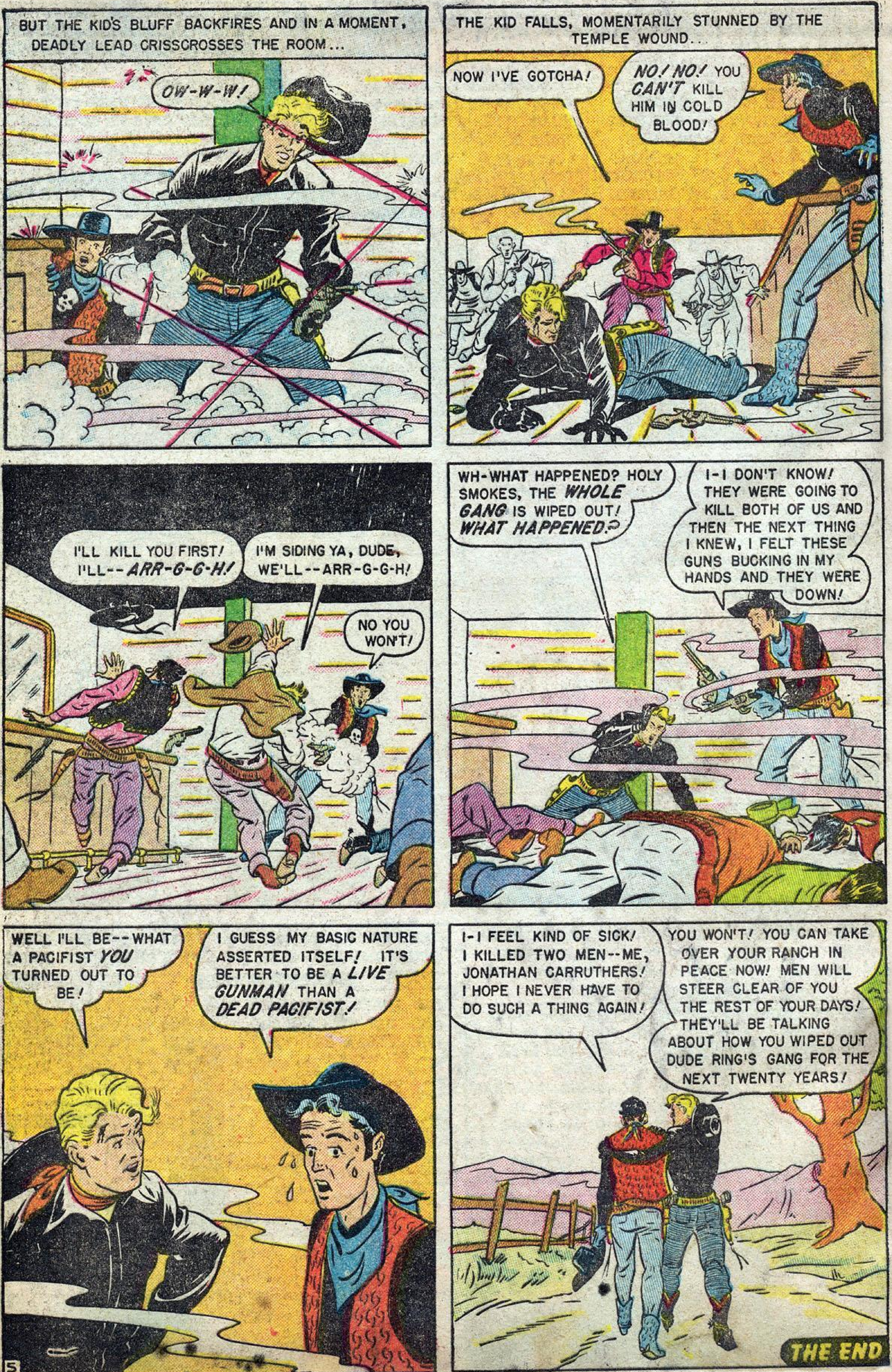
ALL TRUE CRIME CASES
COMPLETE MYSTERY
CRIMEFIGHTERS ALWAYS WIN
FRANKIE AND LANA
GAY COMICS
IDEAL COMICS
JUNIOR MISS
JUSTICE COMICS
LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE
MITZI'S BOY FRIEND
MY ROMANCE
OSCAR


TWO-GUN KID
IN "THE KID BLUFFS A KILLER!"
SUPPORTED BY
JONATHAN CARRUTHERS
DUDE RING
MATT RUTABAUGH
and
FEATURING
CYCLONE,
THE MIRACLE HORSE!
4367
SO THIS IS RING'S CORNERS! I HEAR EVERY WANTED MAN IN THE STATE MAKES THIS TOWN HIS HEADQUARTERS!
YUP! NO LAW HERE! ONLY CONNECTION WITH THE OUTSIDE IS THE STAGECOACH-- STOPS TO WATER THE HORSES! SAY, A COUPLE MORE DAYS AN' YOU'D HAVE NEEDED A SHEEP SHEARER 'STEAD OF A BARBER FER THIS MOP O' HAIR!
THAT FEELS BETTER! HM-M-M! WONDER WHAT'S UP? THAT GANG OF HARDCASES AT THE STAGE STOP AREN'T UP TO ANY GOOD! THE LEADER IS THAT KILLER, DUDE RING! SO THAT'S WHERE THE TOWN GETS ITS NAME!
BARB
GET READY, YOU RANNIES, HERE COMES THE STAGE! WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT SO HOT FOR THIS JONATHAN CARRUTHERS, THAT HE'S GONNA TAKE THE NEXT STAGE BACK EAST WHERE HE BELONGS!
YEAH, AN' YOU KEEP HIS RANCH! YOU'RE PRETTY SLICK, DUDE!
START THE PARTY, BOYS! YA-HOO-O-O!
THIS IS GOING TO BE MIGHTY INTERESTING! DON'T WANT TO BUY CHIPS IN ANOTHER MAN'S GAME BUT IT SURE LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO!
1]


HUP! GIT UP THAR! NO WATERIN' OF HORSES IN *THIS* TOWN! I FEEL LIKE LIVING A WHILE LONGER!
HOLD YOUR FIRE 'TIL THE STAGE PULLS OUT, BOYS!
WELCOME TO RING'S CORNERS, CARRUTHERS! DANCE! WE'RE PLAYIN' SIX-GUN MUSIC FOR YOU!
IF I BUTT IN, THOSE SIX-GUNS *MIGHT* HURT SOMEBODY! I'D BETTER TAKE IT EASY FOR A WHILE!
D-DON'T, PLEASE!
YOU GOTTA GET *USED* TO HORSES, CARRUTHERS! *RIDE 'IM DOWN, CACTUS!*
NO! NO! STOP!
WE DON'T WANT NO *GREENHORNS* AROUND RING'S CORNERS!
GIT UP OUTTA THERE, YOU SNIVELIN' TENDERFOOT! GIVE 'IM SOME MORE MUSIC, BOYS! DON'T BE SO CAREFUL THIS TIME!
I JUST CAME IN FOR A HAIRCUT BUT THIS MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE A CLOSE SHAVE, INSTEAD!
THE TWO-GUN KID HAS HELD BACK FOR HIS OWN REASONS-- BUT HAS HE HELD HIS HAND TOO LONG?
OW! I-I'M *SHOT!*
THAT'S THE STUFF! DON'T KILL 'IM, BUT GIVE HIM A COUPLE OF SOUVENIRS OF THE WEST BEFORE HE PUTS HIS TAIL BETWEEN HIS LEGS AND RUNS BACK EAST!
THE TWO-GUN KID HAS OTHER PLANS FOR JONATHAN CARRUTHERS! CYCLONE REARS, THEN BEARS DOWN ON THE GROUP AS THE KID SWINGS INTO ACTION!
STEP RIGHT ON 'EM, CYCLONE! WE'LL SEE HOW SALTY *THESE* HOMBRES ARE WHEN A HORSE COMES AT *THEM!*
WHAT TH--? *LOOK OUT!*


SWING UP BEHIND ME! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS SNAKE'S NEST!
A-ALL RIGHT, I'LL TRY!
I CAN'T MAKE IT--MY ARM IS BLEEDING!
OKAY, CARRUTHERS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT!
DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!
THREE MILES OUT OF TOWN--THERE'S BEEN NO PURSUIT, SO THE TWO-GUN KID AND JONATHAN CARRUTHERS FEEL SAFE IN GIVING CYCLONE A SHORT REST!
I DON'T KNOW YOU, SIR, BUT MY NAME IS JONATHAN CARRUTHERS! I CAME OUT HERE TO CLAIM MY RANCH, THE CROSS BIT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND YET WHAT HAPPENED!
FOLKS CALL ME THE TWO-GUN KID! IT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH--DUDE RING WANTS TO KEEP IT FOR HIMSELF, SO HE THREW A RECEPTION FOR YOU!
DUDE RING AND HIS GUNSLICKS ARE PRETTY TOUGH HOMBRES--TOUCH WHEN THERE ARE FOUR OR FIVE PICKIN' ON ONE MAN! I HAVE A GOOD NOTION TO GO BACK AND PULL THAT PLACE DOWN AROUND THEIR EARS!
I COULDN'T LET YOU DO THAT, SIR! I SHALL INSTITUTE LEGAL ACTION AGAINST THIS DUDE PERSON--THE LAW WILL PROTECT ME, I'M SURE!
YOU DON'T KNOW THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY, CARRUTHERS! RING'S CORNERS IS UNDER NO LAW! THE NEIGHBORING COUNTIES REFUSE TO INCLUDE IT WITHIN THEIR BOUNDARIES! THAT WAY IS EASIER THAN HAVING GOOD MEN KILLED BREAKIN' UP RING'S GANG!
I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP THEN!
I HATE TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, CARRUTHERS! I'D RATHER BE SIX FEET UNDER THAN GIVE UP THE RANCH TO THOSE SLIMY SIDEWINDERS!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I CAN'T USE A GUN!
SANCTUARY--THE RANCH OF ONE OF THE TWO-GUN KID'S MANY FRIENDS!
ANYBODY CAN USE A GUN! YOU HAVE A TRIGGER--YOU POINT IT WHERE YOU WANT TO SHOOT--THEN BANG! IT'S EASY!
NOT FOR ME--I AM A PACIFIST! MADE UP MY MIND THAT VIOLENCE IS AN EVIL THING AND VOWED NEVER TO HURT MY FELLOW MAN! I'M SORRY BUT I CAN'T CHANGE!


I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU! WHEN I TOLD MAW I SAW THE TWO-GUN KID HEADED THIS WAY, SHE DROPPED HER BEST GRAVY BOWL RUSHIN' AROUND THE KITCHEN!
THAT'S NICE LISTENIN', MATT! I BROUGHT COMPANY-- JONATHAN CARRUTHERS, THE NEW OWNER OF THE CROSS BIT SPREAD!
WELL, WELL, THEN WE'RE NEIGHBORS! FROM THE EAST, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU THE ROPES 'TIL YOU GET THE HANG OF THINGS!
I'M RETURNING HOME! I CAN'T AND WON'T FIGHT A GANG OF OUTLAWS TO POSSESS WHAT IS ALREADY LEGALLY MINE! I WILL NOT DRAW BLOOD FROM MY FELLOW MAN!
I RESPECT YOUR FEELINGS, CARRUTHERS, BUT I SURE WISH YOU WERE DIFFERENT! THAT BUNCH OF FOURFLUSHERS WOULD RUN IF A REAL MAN SHOWED HIS FACE! IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT FOR ME TO TAKE YOUR RANCH BACK--IT'S YOUR GAME AND YOU HAVE TO DO SOME OF THE WORK!
MAW HAS THE VITTLES ON! TALK ABOUT IT AFTER WE EAT!
THE TWO-GUN KID'S MIND REFUSES TO STAY ON THE MEAL BEFORE HIM--JONATHAN CARRUTHER'S TROUBLES OCCUPY HIS THOUGHTS!
I'M SURE DUDE RING WOULD BACK DOWN IF A REAL MAN BRACED HIM! IF ONLY...
I'VE GOT IT! MATT, DO YOU STILL HAVE KING FISKE'S EXTRA SET OF FANCY DUDS?
YEP, AND THEY'RE SURE FANCY! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH 'EM?
LET'S GO GET 'EM! JONATHAN CARRUTHERS IS GOING TO WEAR THE CLOTHES OF ONE OF THE FANCIEST GUNSLICKS WEST OF THE PECOS!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, JONATHAN CARRUTHERS, PACIFIST, BECOMES--IN APPEARANCE, AT LEAST-- A GUNSLICK FORMIDABLE ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY RANNIE STOP AND THINK!
HE SURE LOOKS ROUGH WITH KING FISKE'S GEAR ON HIM! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, KID?
HE AND I ARE GOING TO PULL THE BIGGEST BLUFF YOU EVER SAW! WITH A LITTLE COACHING, JONATHAN CARRUTHERS IS GOING TO SCARE DUDE RING RIGHT OFF THE CROSS BIT RANCH!
THE TWO-GUN KID AND JONATHAN CARRUTHERS RIDE INTO TOWN AND ENTER THE LION'S DEN, DUDE RING'S CASINO!
HEY, THAT'S THE HOMBRE THAT RODE OFF WITH THE DUDE--AN' THE OTHER GUY--THAT OUTFIT!
IT'S KILLER KING FISKE!
4


BUT THE KID'S BLUFF BACKFIRES AND IN A MOMENT, DEADLY LEAD CRISSCROSSES THE ROOM...
OW-W-W!
THE KID FALLS, MOMENTARILY STUNNED BY THE TEMPLE WOUND...
NOW I'VE GOTCHA!
NO! NO! YOU CAN'T KILL HIM IN COLD BLOOD!
I'LL KILL YOU FIRST! I'LL--ARR-G-G-H!
I'M SIDING YA, DUDE, WE'LL--ARR-G-G-H!
NO YOU WON'T!
WH-WHAT HAPPENED? HOLY SMOKES, THE WHOLE GANG IS WIPED OUT! WHAT HAPPENED?
I-I DON'T KNOW! THEY WERE GOING TO KILL BOTH OF US AND THEN THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I FELT THESE GUNS BUCKING IN MY HANDS AND THEY WERE DOWN!
WELL I'LL BE--WHAT A PACIFIST YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!
I GUESS MY BASIC NATURE ASSERTED ITSELF! IT'S BETTER TO BE A LIVE GUNMAN THAN A DEAD PACIFIST!
I-I FEEL KIND OF SICK! I KILLED TWO MEN--ME, JONATHAN CARRUTHERS! I HOPE I NEVER HAVE TO DO SUCH A THING AGAIN!
YOU WON'T! YOU CAN TAKE OVER YOUR RANCH IN PEACE NOW! MEN WILL STEER CLEAR OF YOU THE REST OF YOUR DAYS! THEY'LL BE TALKING ABOUT HOW YOU WIPED OUT DUDE RING'S GANG FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS!
THE END

STAMP NEWS

By KENT B. STILES

The year's twenty-fifth stamp issued by the United States is a 3-cent purple honoring the humorist and philosopher Will Rogers. The design is philately's first portrait of Rogers. Under his likeness "'I never met a man I didn't like' – Will Rogers" is inscribed. First-day sale was on Nov. 4 at Claremore, Okla.

The twenty-sixth United States item is a 3-cent brown for the centenary of the establishing of "the Post of El Paso" - today's Fort Bliss. "Fort Bliss Centennial" is inscribed above a centered design showing a rocket in flight above the fort. Rocket experiments recently have been one feature of the fort's activities. First-day sale of this stamp was on Nov. 5 at El Paso, Tex.

Twenty-seventh on Uncle Sam's list is a 3-cent which introduces the late Moina Michael to the hobby. The design is a portrait of this Georgia woman, who is recalled as "Founder of Memorial Poppy" (so inscribed on the stamp). It was she who originated the idea of selling poppies for disabled veterans and their dependents. First-day sale was on Nov. 9 at Athens, Ga.

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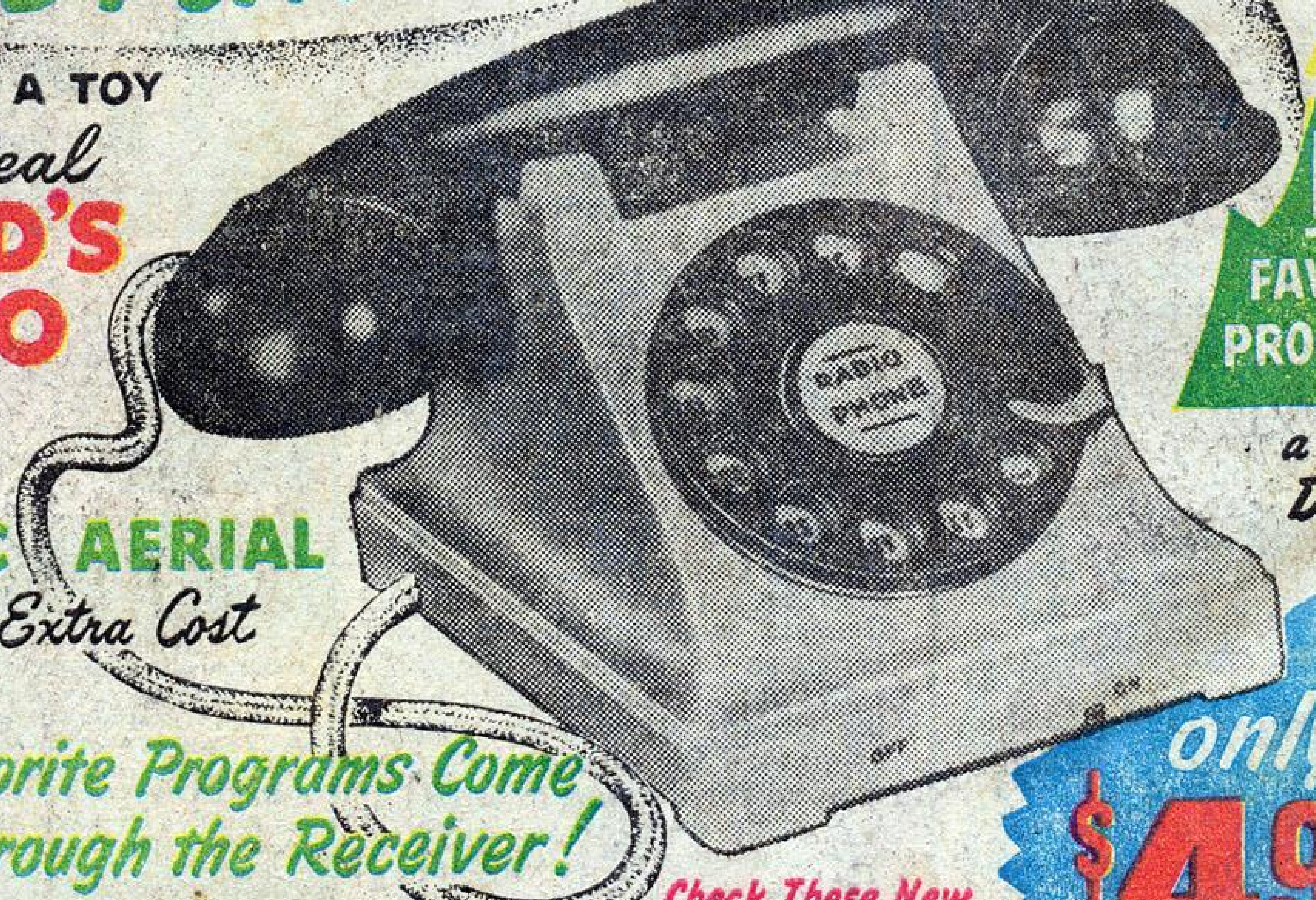

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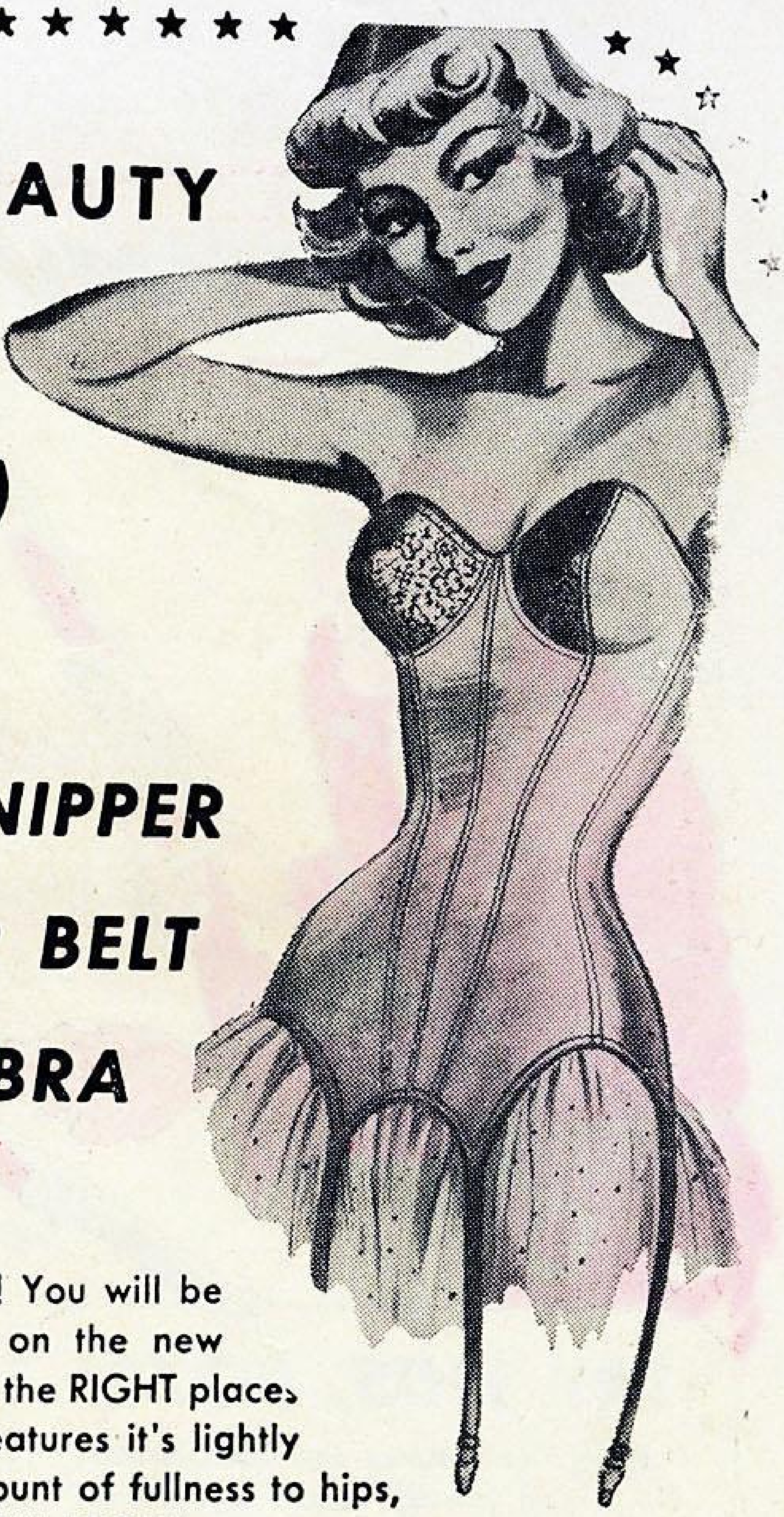

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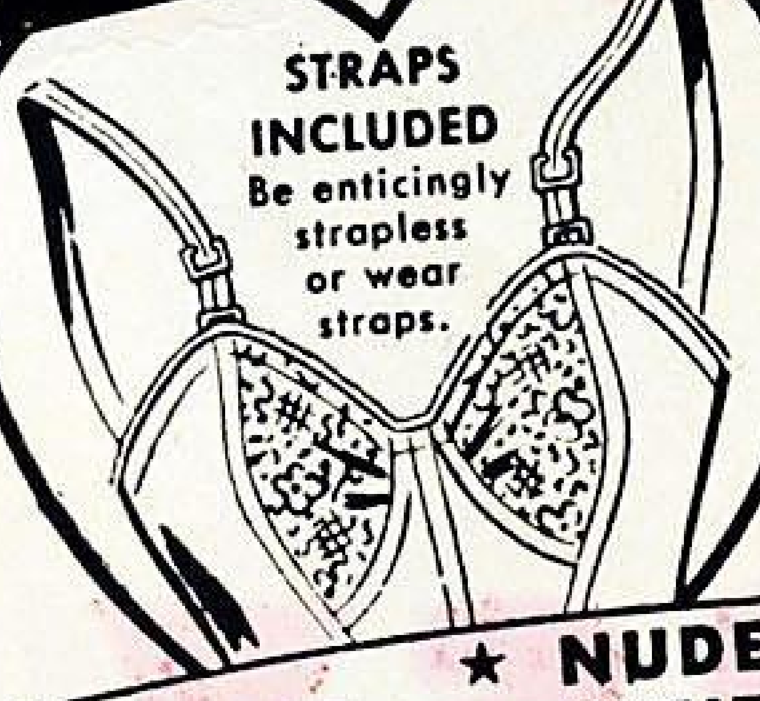

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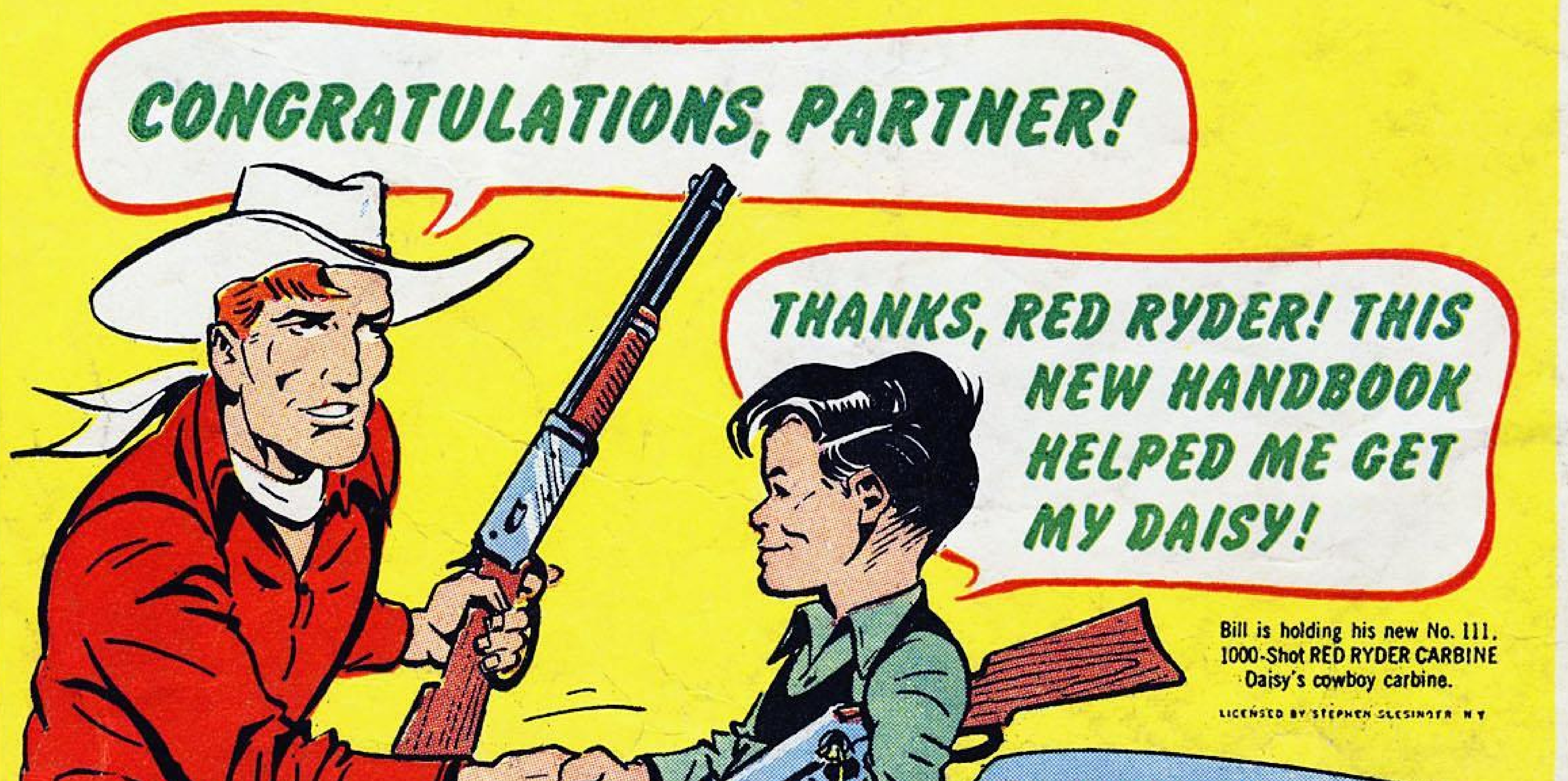
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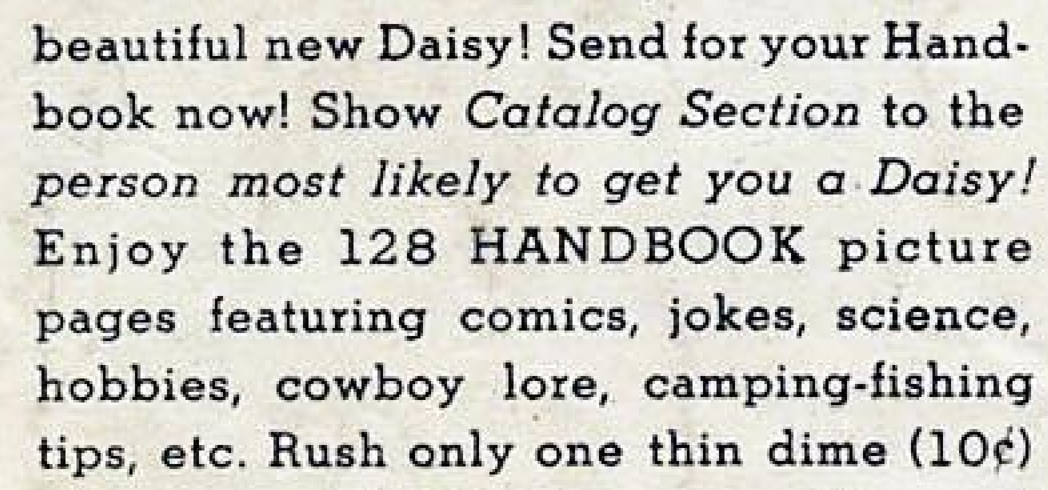
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NO. 81—AIR RIFLE ACTION RANGE
TARGETEER
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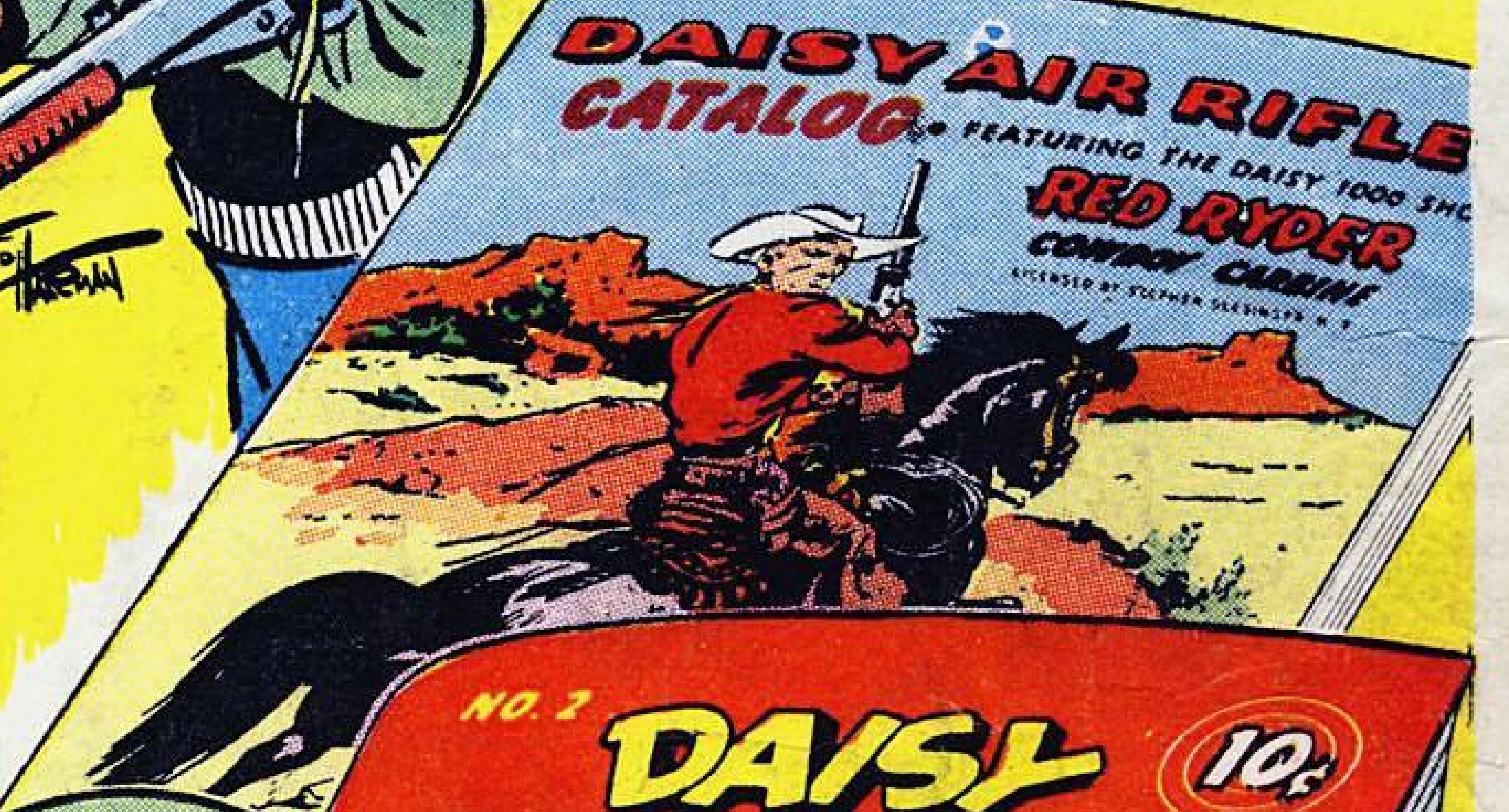
NO. 155 -1000 SHOT REPEATER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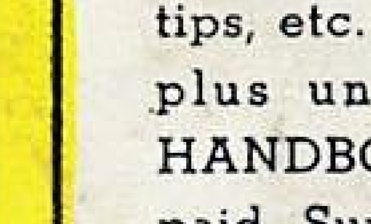

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